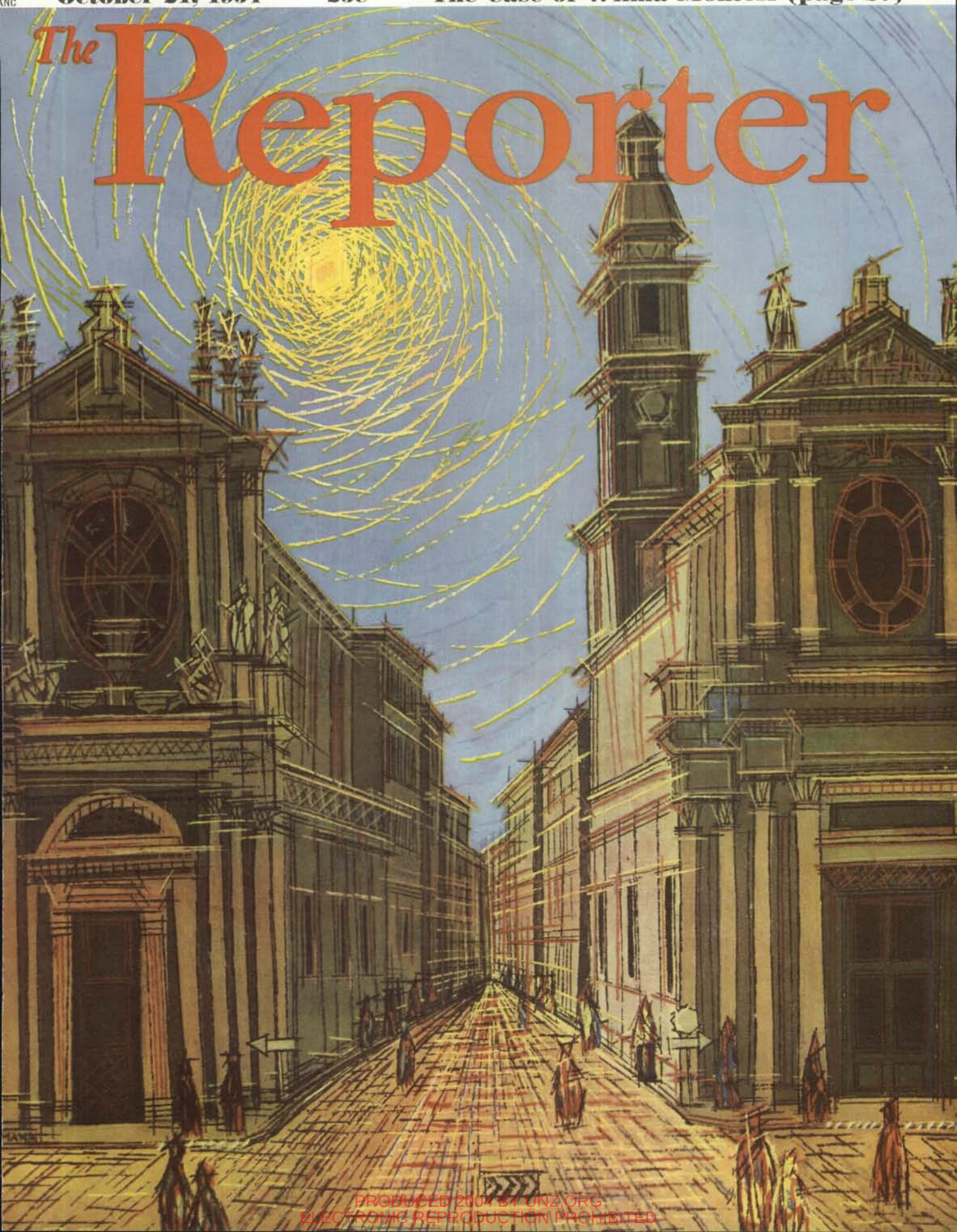
Civil War in the G. O. P.?

October 21, 1954 25c The Case of Wilma Montesi (page 27)



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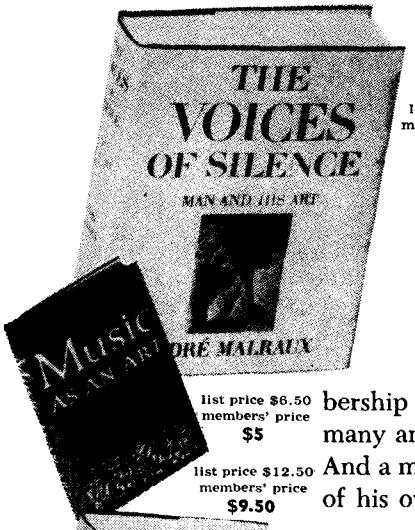

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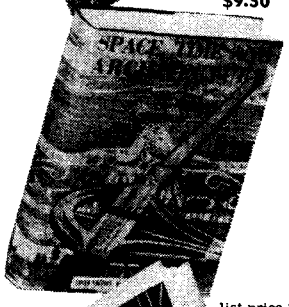

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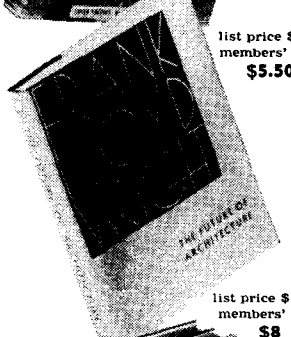

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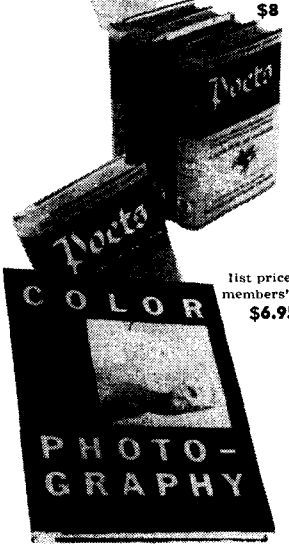

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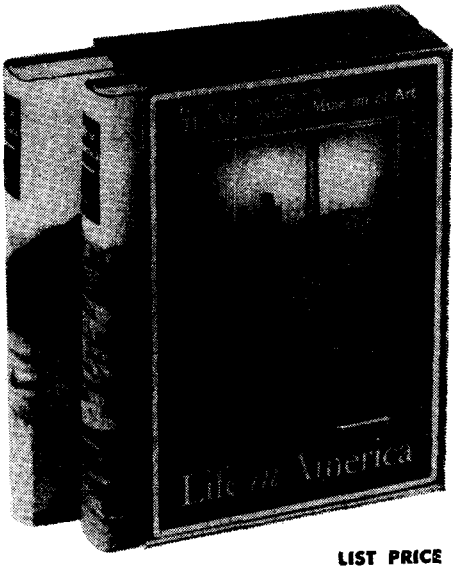

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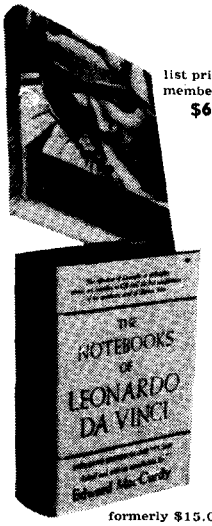

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Emotional Hiccoughs

"A great triumph," "one of the greatest diplomatic achievements of our time"—this was our highest Administration leaders' appraisal of the London Conference. The one among them who attended it, Secretary Dulles, went one step further. "I believe," he said at the concluding session, "that this conference will go down in history as one of the greatest of all time." Later, however, in a prepared statement, he showed he had recovered a restrained, unemotional mood.

We approve of this restraint. Far be it from us to suggest that the Act of London represents for our diplomacy as questionable an achievement as the Manila and Caracas agreements. We are convinced that London produced good and solid results. But we wish that our statesmen as well as our political writers could comment on the good moves the democracies happen to make on the diplomatic chessboard without choking with ecstasies. If this chess tournament is to end in victory—as it must—our leaders as well as the peoples of the democracies must steel themselves for a long-drawn-out effort against a most skillful, self-possessed opponent.

FOR A COOL appraisal of the Act of London, we have first to see what has been won and by whom. The first gains were made by our European Allies. At London they showed true, not nominal independence. The agreements were of European conception, hammered out by European leaders, with the chief credit going to Anthony Eden and Pierre Mendès-France. Our country has every possible reason to rejoice, since one of the prime aims of our postwar foreign policy has been to make Europe, to an ever-increasing degree, independent of us. This is the paramount condition of European unity. Certainly the days when Europe's unity and independence could be sought through American initiative or through the artificial insemination of American federal ideas—those days are over.

Further, the creation of a German Army—however dangerous it may become to German democracy, or however technically obsolete nuclear weapons may make it in a few years—has offered the Atlantic alliance the promise of a significant increase in military strength. This accomplishment could be unreservedly reassuring if we could be certain that two years from now, when the twelve German divisions will be ready, Konrad Adenauer, now seventy-eight, will be there with the same firm hold on his people.

Fortunately, the Act of London greatly increases the authority of a young and vigorous American general. Alfred Gruenther is just the man for the job, and it is to be hoped that he will long hold it, for he possesses all the qualities of a true soldier-statesman that our own and the Allied people saw in General Eisenhower when he was NATO chief.

THE BEST EVIDENCE of the Act of London's worth has been given by Molotov. For years the Allied capitals have been dreading that the Soviets would propose free elections in East Germany. But it took the London agreements to make Molotov pull out, in a hurry, the rabbit that had long been smothering in the Soviet hat.

Countermoves on the democracies' part are urgently needed. There is no use dismissing Molotov's proposal as propaganda: The Germans care about the unity of their country. The democracies must make emphatically clear that they too care about that unity, just as they care about the unity and freedom of the whole of Europe, East and West. The democracies can now ask Molotov what he means by free elections. They must also make unmistakably clear, for all the world to see, what the catch in the Soviet plan is: The Red Army would pull back about 150 miles to its satellite states, while the

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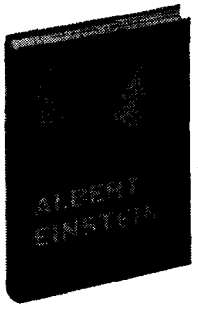

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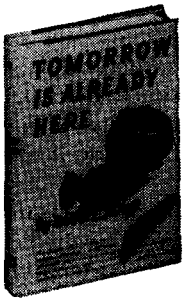

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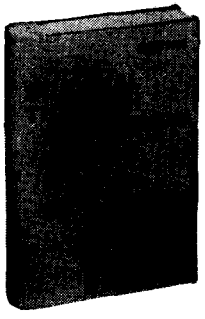

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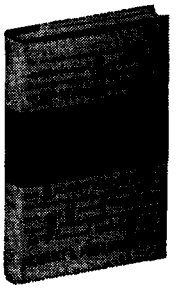

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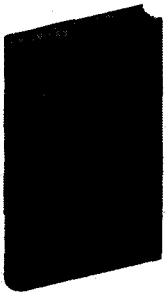

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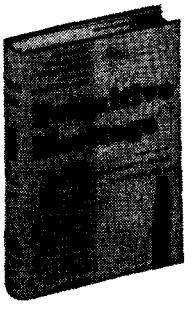

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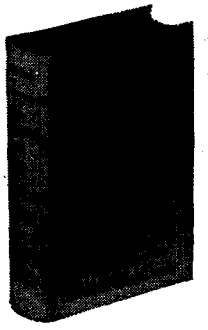

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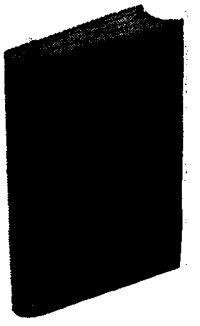

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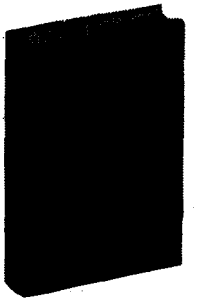

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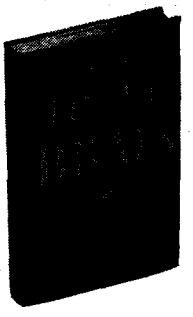

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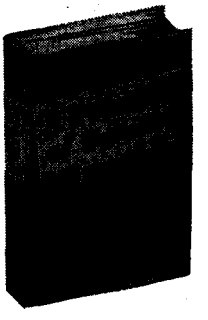

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United States Armed Forces would pull back about 4,000 miles to Staten Island. Are the Russians willing to consider serious negotiations for the controlled reduction of armaments by the two blocs—the loose and democratic one called NATO and the monolithic one Moscow controls? Are they disposed to test the wishes of the satellite peoples in free elections?

There are quite a few moves the democracies can make—and make successfully. But first of all we must focus our minds on the next move, not the last one. We must stop gloating over the London "triumph." The cure for this peculiar case of emotional hiccoughs is, we suggest, the traditional one: some pats on the back and a little cold water.

Testing Time in Baltimore

Southern High School in Baltimore stands grim and barren in the congested heart of the city. No trees or grass, not even a dirt playground relieves the expanse of brick and concrete.

Amid its impoverished surroundings, Southern High has built a proud tradition, four times winning the Four Freedoms Award, and only last February getting a special Valley Forge Citation. A move has been made to demonstrate "democracy in action" at Southern. John H. Schwatka, its principal since 1928, has been ambitious for his school, always pushing for the recognition he feels it rightly deserves.

On October 1, Southern got a different kind of recognition, when violence flared there briefly, and a white man struck a Negro boy, one of the thirty-six Negro students attending the school under Baltimore's new desegregation policy.

Where did the trouble start? Certainly not in the school itself, where for more than three weeks white and Negro pupils had been getting along without a serious hitch. There had been countless examples of good will. Trouble came from outside, spreading from Milford, Delaware, where agitators had stirred dormant hatreds and where wavering school authorities permitted fear to get the upper hand. The trouble came to Baltimore when a systematic campaign of anonymous telephone calls

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reported dire happenings to nervous parents. According to these calls, Southern High burned down twice in the same afternoon, a girl was stabbed, and countless other students were injured.

THIS IS a time of testing for Baltimore, along with the other cities and towns that now have to cope with the problems of desegregation —a time of testing for the school authorities and teachers, who must stand firm while excitement mounts outside and mobs of truant youngsters and the not-so-youngsters roam the streets. It is a time of testing for the police, who must stamp out the sparks of violence before they catch and spread. (Pointing to the noisy picketers, one sad young policeman told our reporter, "I feel ashamed that something like this could happen in Baltimore, where I've lived all my life.") And it is a time of testing for the clergy, the editors, and all the other voices of conscience in the city.

THERE ARE SOME, too, making tests who would capitalize on hatred. At Ritchie Raceway, a stock-car track just outside Baltimore, Bryant W. Bowles, a slight, curly-haired young man who has founded an organization called the National Association for the Advancement of White People, was moving in fast to try to grasp the leadership of the hatemongers. As he addressed the

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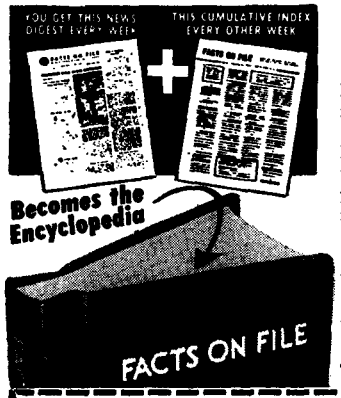

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crowd from the platform of an old truck, one could see the tests he was making: of the authorities, to measure how far they would allow him to go in stirring up violence; of the crowd, to gauge the depth of their confusions; and of his listeners' pocketbooks, to find out how wide they would open in the cause of intolerance.

A Joe We Like

We like the way Joe DiMaggio has behaved in his week of crisis. Unlike our statesmen in the face of events of similar magnitude, Joe has kept a stiff upper lip. He has made no hasty comment, threatened no "agonizing reappraisals," letting the facts speak for themselves. If reliable sources can be relied on, he has behaved like a perfect gentleman, bringing Marilyn her hot soup in bed on their last evening together, packing his bags quietly and departing with dignity intact.

We also like the way the press has behaved. In a week of vast international affairs, with a Congressional campaign going on, it has been able to mobilize full resources and all necessary space to record a major tragedy for American romance. The news dispatches from California have crowded most foreign affairs and domestic politics from the front pages. The people have been well informed as usual, at least on happenings in Hollywood.

Harriman vs. Ives

As voters in the State of New York, we are vaguely aware that the issues dividing the Democratic and Republican candidates for governor are fundamental and important—and that they will have practically nothing to do with the outcome of the election. The main disagreement has something to do with the complex financial arrangements between the state and the city of New York. But even if the candidates would explain it all simply and clearly, not many people would bother to listen.

And so the fight between two caricatures goes on. Senator Irving M. Ives, the Republican, is painted as the heir to the trotting-track scandals, and Averell Harriman, the Democrat, as the hand-picked dupe

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of the venal city bosses. The Republicans seem to be armed with the more compelling set of clichés. The trotting-track scandals are too recent to have made much of an impression, but for decades the past sins of Tammany Hall have been roundly despised by most citizens of New York, including, we are bound to report, the present leadership of Tammany Hall.

"Tammany" is a word to conjure with, and the other day when four high-school boys threw rotten tomatoes at Senator Ives in Watertown, some 240 miles, as the crow flies, northwest of New York City, the Republican candidate did not fail to suggest that the missiles "came by indirection from Tammany Hall, the outfit that's running this campaign on the Democratic side." If the tomatoes had not been thrown by Carmine DeSapio himself, that was presumably only because Mr. DeSapio was too busy robbing poor boxes.

MR. HARRIMAN was branded with the mark of Tammany before he even got started. Mr. DeSapio and the other New York City bosses preferred him to Congressman Roosevelt. Apparently even Congressman Roosevelt, whose nomination for attorney general prompted the Republicans to nominate Congressman Jacob Javits for the same post, is now also the candidate of the bosses. The epithet was so devastating that the Democrats didn't even think to point out that, after all, the nomination of Senator Ives was the personal and autocratic decision of a boss just as powerful as Mr. DeSapio—Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

Whatever his faults may be, Mr. DeSapio at least seems to want to win. It does not appear that such could always be said of his Democratic predecessors, whose motto seemed to be: "You run the state, and we'll run the city." Mr. Dewey has acquired quite a reputation in New York by winning three consecutive elections, but can you name the men he beat? Two out of three qualifies you as an expert. Give up? In 1942 it was John J. Bennett, Jr., in 1946 it was James M. Mead, and in 1950 it was Walter Lynch.

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SCIENCE

To the Editor: I should like to extend my most sincere compliments to *The Reporter* for publishing the two articles "U.S. Science: The Troubled Quest" (Sept. 14, 23) and would like to convey highest praise to Theodore White for writing them.

I would not wish to endorse each and every statement made in these articles but I do believe that Mr. White has approached the subject with extraordinary care and thoroughness; that he has explored most understandingly the feelings of scientists throughout the country, including those who stand on both sides of the various issues he outlines. He has given an excellent exposition to a problem which has deeply disturbed and divided the scientists of the country and which needs to be set forth to the general public since only the public and the government can decide the issues presented. We all owe Mr. White a debt of gratitude for stating the issues so understandingly and so clearly.

L. A. DuBridge
President
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena

To the Editor: I must confess that, after reading the articles, one is more confused than enlightened.

The title of the articles is itself misleading. Scientists in their quest for knowledge are no more troubled today than they were in the past. The great trouble of scientists has always been, and still is, money and time; they have more of both today than they have ever had before.

Mr. White attributes the whole of nuclear development to the theoretical physicists. Without the help of chemists and engineers, to say nothing of experimental physicists, the theoretical boys would have accomplished very little. Mr. White should realize that experiment has always preceded theory and time and again has had to correct it.

Charles A. Kraus
Providence

To the Editor: Nucleonics is the field of science most remote from common sense. A productive nuclear physicist must of necessity be a man of extraordinary capacity for unorthodox thinking. Such a man will inevitably have expressed ideas abhorrent to the totalitarian minds of those who can see no way of combating the Communist menace but imitation and who would accordingly destroy the American tradition of freedom. Under strict application of the negative concept of security it is probable that all nuclear physicists would be denied clearance. Even in fields less recondite than nucleonics, unorthodox thinking is necessary for advance. Creative scientists in all fields should be banned under this concept. The difficulty is in locating them early enough. The stars in *American Men of Science* that indicate recognition by their peers come after creative work. Probably nothing short of making a Ph.D. a sufficient criterion for denial of clearance would do, admitting the injustice to a great many individuals. The ideal security risk is an illiterate deaf-mute. Nothing, it may be granted, could be more frustrating to the Soviet agents than adherence to such a program. There would be nothing to steal.

No doubt some compromise between achievement and total security will continue to be made, but we have gone too far in the negative direction for the welfare not only of American science but for the national security itself.

Sewall Wright
Chicago

To the Editor: I found the article unusually well written and with an insight which is somewhat rare for somebody who does not spend most of his time with scientists. I wish to congratulate both Mr. White and yourself on this piece.

Eugene P. Wigner
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: The entry of politics into scientific disputes can in the long run become even more disastrous than Mr. White's article implies. We scientists in America have been using this famous "genetics controversy" in Russia to show how superior our free science is to the government-controlled science which exists in the Communist countries. But if the present trend continues, how long will we be able to do this?

G. Ledyard Stebbins
Professor of Genetics
University of California
Davis, California

To the Editor: In *The Reporter* of September 14, Mr. Theodore H. White says: "Between forty and forty-five per cent of all the revenue of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology came from the government, exclusive of the huge unannounced sum it received for operating Project Lincoln, the brain center of continental defense. Other universities—such as Chicago, California, and the California Institute of Technology—were dependent on the government to a similar extent or slightly more."

For the fiscal year 1953-1954, government grants were slightly under nineteen per cent of the amount expended by the University of Chicago for research and approximately nine per cent of the university's total regular budget.

Nongovernmental sources, including corporations, foundations, and organizations such as the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, and so forth, accounted for more research support than did the government grants.

The misapprehension as to the percentage of government support may have arisen through inclusion of amounts received and disbursed by the University of Chicago under management contracts for such agencies as the Atomic Energy Commission. These contracts are apart from the University's regular budget.

W. V. Morgenstern
Chicago

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has performed a significant public service in publishing Mr. White's penetrating analysis "U.S. Science: The Troubled Quest." The very fact that there will be a divergence of opinion on many of the issues raised should serve to stimulate thinking and discussion on the basic issues of science and security which are of vital concern to all of us.

V. K. Zworykin
Princeton, New Jersey

ART

To the Editor: In "Three B's or Not Three B's? A Dialogue in Dissonance," Marya Mannes speaks, I believe, for thousands of people—people full of good will, musicians and laymen alike—who can feel nothing but frustration and distaste for a large part of the music that is being written today.

My thanks to Miss Mannes for the wit and courage with which she stood up to the contemptuous arrogance of her composer—an arrogance implicit in so much of the contemporary music.

When a composer fails to communicate his idea, either the idea is less glorious than he would have us believe, or his technique of communication is at fault. In either case, surely, only his own inadequacy is to blame.

Though we, the listeners, by no means demand the forms or idiom of a past age, we do, indeed we must, ask of the composers of our own time the same duty that Mozart recognized so clearly all through his life. Again and again, writing to his father, Leopold, he says: "My music pleased the people." At the very height of his power and fame, he asks Kucharz after the first rehearsal of "Don Giovanni," "Will it *please* as much as 'Figaro'?"—that is, will it communicate? He knew that music which fails to "please" fails of its function—it is as valueless as the rains of the desert that evaporate before ever they reach the ground.

Beverly Andrews Kalitinsky
Orange, New Jersey

To the Editor: Marya Mannes' article on modern music (*The Reporter*, September 14) summarizes an opinion which, as she herself observes, is held by many persons. For the defense, I should like to make the following observations:

(1) Her point of view is as universal in time as it is in present distribution. Beginning in classical antiquity and continuing through the Middle Ages to modern times, we have heard how the "old music" expressed the true nobility of the soul, while the new merely recorded its most unhealthy perversions. Of course, for each generation, that "old music" was something new, and the unhealthy dementia of the later Beethoven, of Schumann and Chopin, to say nothing of

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Monteverdi and the practitioners of the "new art" of the fourteenth century, lived on to become old and noble in its turn. This, of course, proves nothing, except that for certain people, music, like cognac, improves with a certain amount of aging.

(2) Comparison of contemporary works with such monuments as "Don Giovanni"—in respect to quality—serves no useful purpose. Obviously, "Don Giovanni" is superior to 99.99999 per cent of all other works of *any* period. In this connection one should observe that our "old music" is very carefully selected: most of what was written in the time of Mozart is, happily, no longer performed. If we had to spend evenings listening to Salieri and Süssmayer, we might come to welcome even Sessions. I make this point because often people make their "trial" of contemporary music on the basis of examples which have all the earmarks of pretty poor stuff. If they then don't like what they hear, it may merely be because they have good taste.

(3) The question of style—of dissonances, "fits and starts," "jabs and punches" (these expressions have been used to describe both Beethoven quartets and thirteenth-century music)—is largely irrelevant. Some styles are somewhat harder to understand than others, but since modern music offers such a wide range of stylistic types, from the simplest on up (or down), style is no guide to our period as a whole.

(4) Good music today has the same aspirations, aims to recapture the same nobility, strives for the same communication, as music in the time of Mozart and Beethoven. *But* the older composers' communication, timeless though it may be, is still based upon the life of their world, not ours. They had neither atom bombs nor automatic dishwashers, but their own problems and rewards. Thus, the pleasure we derive from their music is at least partially based on the fact that entering their world constitutes escaping, in a certain measure, from ours. Our composers *must create their music out of our world*; their music will not allow us to forget Rhee and Knowland; it must include them. It must also, as Miss Mannes's lady suggests, go beyond them and all the rest of our problems—not by ignoring evil but by overcoming it. This is the gift not of every talented conservatory graduate but of the great musician alone. We are destined to hear, from living composers, mostly minor works: works which may charm, or shock or interest, or simply annoy the listener. But when, by chance, we do hear music which, having faced our own chaos, withstands and defeats it, we are conscious of an aesthetic experience transcending anything which works of the past, however great, can supply. I should say that this happens rather more often than Miss Mannes's lady would lead us to expect, and that sparks of such a light are sprinkled about generously, even in minor works.

Whether or not we are living in one of the great ages of music, I hardly know. Our grandchildren can be the judge of that. I *am* sure, however, that our musical life is *not quite so hopeless* as Miss Mannes's lady thinks.

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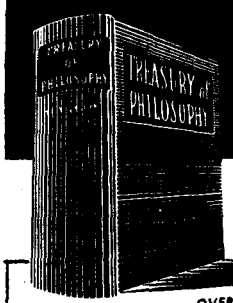

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OFF-YEAR Congressional elections are always a kaleidoscopic collection of issues, each of them highlighted or distorted by partisanship, colored by personalities. This November, however, as **Max Ascoli's** editorial points out, the ultimate and very serious consequences of the voters' decision can be clearly predicted.

In an otherwise remarkably bipartisan record of performance, the Dixon-Yates matter stands out as one of the most controversial issues brought forward by the Administration. We asked our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** to bring its extraordinarily complex ramifications within the compass of human understanding.

William Lee Miller, who is both a Democrat and a theologian, faces a question that has long been bothering the Democrats—and for that matter many a Republican and all other citizens who want our political conflicts to be fought out cleanly and in a spirit of fair play: Must a political party fight dirty when the opponent fights dirty? Mr. Miller's answer is an emphatic No—No as a Democrat; No as a man deeply attached to moral standards. Mr. Miller, a regular contributor to *The Reporter,* teaches at Smith College.

It would be much better for the nation if more Senatorial campaigns were like the one in New Jersey, where two good men, a Republican and a Democrat, are struggling hard to find plausible reasons for differing on anything that counts. No matter which of them wins, the nation will not be the loser. **Robert Bendiner,** who looks at the New Jersey political scene, is a well-known free-lance writer.

The election of a Democratic governor in Maine has lulled some Democrats into a dangerous condition of complacency. **Stuart Long,** a veteran newspaperman who operates a news service from Austin, Texas, tells what happened when the conservative followers of Governor Shivers got scared. Mr. Long's piece could be entitled "Forget the Maine—Elections."

OUR STAFF WRITER **Claire Sterling** reports from Italy on the lurid scandal that has been plaguing that nation ever since the body of a young girl was found on a deserted stretch of beach near Rome. The story is a dismal one, but the violent indignation of the Italian people is evidence of their inherent sense of decency.

"Bureaucracy" and "statism" are words that have become familiar to all who follow American campaign oratory. But these words have a cruel immediacy to the unhappy people behind the Iron Curtain. According to **Paul Willen,** their discontent threatens the oppressors' power. Mr. Willen, a graduate of the Russian Institute at Columbia University, is a political analyst for the Free Europe Committee. He has had access to refugee reports and closely follows the Hungarian press.

There are many columnists in this country, but the work of the Alsop brothers has won a unique position and influence. This is probably due more than anything else to their special quality of courage. They have never displayed it to better advantage than now, when day after day they say what they think about Admiral Strauss in his conflict with the scientists. **Walter T. Ridder** is a member of the Ridder newspaper family, whose properties include the New York *Journal of Commerce.*

Henry Steele Commager is another man unafraid. In his article he puts his finger on the real distinction between that distrust of the excesses of reason which is a necessary element in the life of reason and actual scorn for those who are socially useful precisely because of their trained exercise of reason.

Elie Abel, who knocks the props from under the latest attack on Oppenheimer, is a member of the New York *Times* Washington Bureau.

Our cover is by **Carol Hamann.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Civil War in the G.O.P.?

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY cannot survive one more defeat—so the argument ran at the time of the 1952 election. It was a compelling argument and it swayed a large number of voters. For a hundred years the G.O.P. had been a force sometimes for stubborn, sometimes for enlightened conservatism; but the time had come—it was said in 1952—when its radical factions had become so emboldened that their recklessness could only be curbed by the responsibility of power.

Thus spoke some of the nation's wise men in 1952. They were concerned with the survival not just of the G.O.P. but of the two-party system itself. It can never be emphasized enough that the phenomenal success of our Constitution is largely due to our party system—which grew up against the wishes of the Founding Fathers.

SIGNIFICANTLY, the 1952 argument is not being advanced in this off-year Congressional campaign, or at least it is not advanced by the people who used it then. Yet that line of reasoning would be far more cogent now, when all portents seem to indicate a Republican defeat. But in these last two years it has become plain that the G.O.P., far from being healed by the responsibilities of government, has infected the government with its own disease.

The irresolution of a hopelessly divided party has become the irresolution of our national Administration; the high-sounding declarations of a party which pays with indecisiveness the price for a semblance of unity have set the tone for our leaders' major pronouncements in national and international affairs. No wonder these bombastic pronouncements have proved hollow. A crusade was called against hordes of unidentifiable heathen, and the intention to conduct an aggressive, positive foreign policy was proclaimed. Unfortunately, our leaders announced their intended positiveness before they had even a hunch on what to be positive about.

Magic words were used as substitutes for programs, or as expedients to borrow time: the word "coequal," for instance, and more recently, with a universal field of application, the word "partner." The Administration has announced its determination to use the principle of partnership with everybody: with Allied nations, private utilities, local government, and just plain citizens. Yet these magic words reveal something real: a pathetic desire to share with somebody else or to pass on to somebody else responsibilities which the Administration is too weak to shoulder. In international affairs the same tendency can be seen: When at his best, as he has been lately, our Secretary of State takes on the role of Anthony Eden's assistant.

IN ALL FAIRNESS, it must be added that the leaders of the Administration, from the President and Mr. Dulles on down, have been laboring against insurmountable obstacles. Every inch of the way they have had to face a ruthless opposition that was well entrenched in Congress and had sent its men to infiltrate key agencies.

A huge sector of our foreign policy has fallen under the exclusive jurisdiction of Senators belonging to the Formosa First bloc. Internal security has become a field where the Federal government and Congressional investigating chairmen act as coequal partners, with results to which the country is slowly awakening.

To be fair again, it must be granted that the Democratic Administration, during its last two years in power, was subjected to the same attacks from the same forces at the extreme Republican Right—and it too had to yield. Since becoming the minority party, the Democrats—particularly those in Congress—have been acting like a chorus that sometimes comments loudly on the misadventures of the Administration protagonists, sometimes just looks on. The Democrats in Congress do not seem quite able to make out what their role is in this wretched show—whether they are supposed to deplore the Republicans or understudy for them. In the grand finale of the last session most of the Democratic Senators came boldly to the fore and sang, with enormous gusto, the "me-too" tune.

NO, THESE are not going to be just routine, off-year Congressional elections. Something much bigger is at stake: If rejected by the voters, the Republican Administration will lose control not only of Congress but of its own party. Rebel yells can already be heard. The unreconstructed Eisenhower haters who have always considered him a disguised Democrat rejoice at the prospect that the President will soon be working with a Democratic Congressional majority.

Those who do not like to live in times of political troubles should wish for a Republican victory, which might postpone for a couple of years the showdown inside the Republican Party. Those who consider the intra-party conflict irrepressible should wish for a Democratic victory, which might give the President a chance to be rescued from the wreckage of his party.

As for us, we have no doubts: Stormy times are ahead. Victory did not heal the Republican Party, and neither will defeat.

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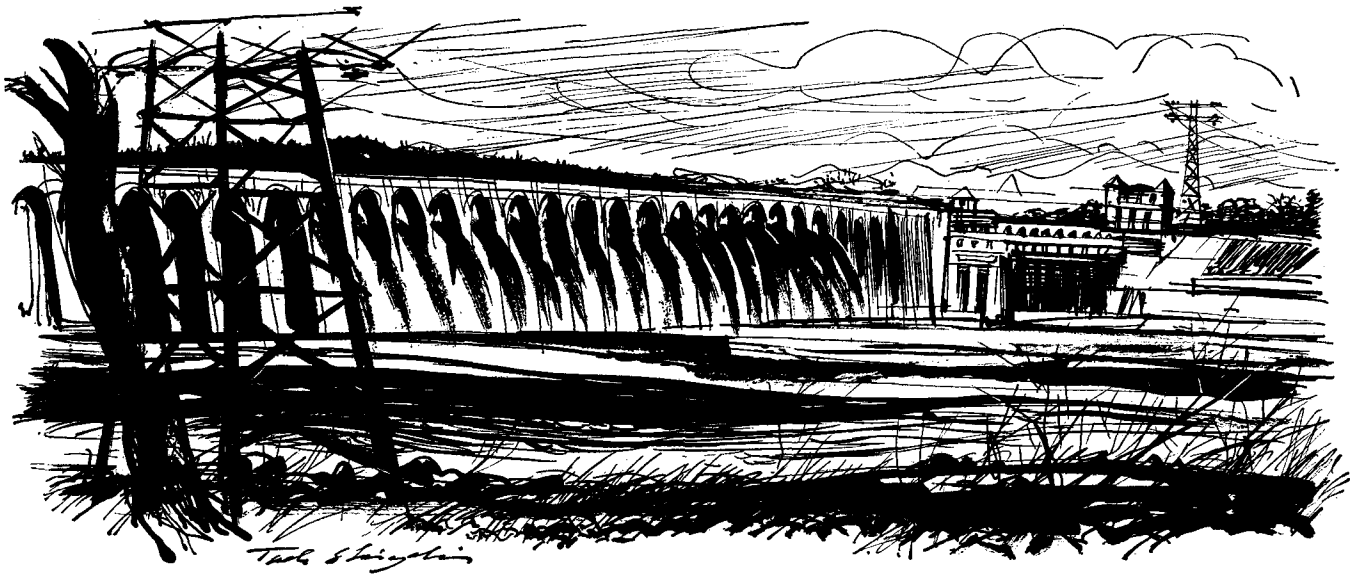

The ABC of Dixon-Yates, Or, How to Get Less for More

DOUGLASS CATER

On December 8, 1953, Walter Williams, deputy general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission, received in his Washington office J. W. McAfee, president of the Union Electric Company of Missouri. The meeting lasted from 10 until 10:35 A.M., and although the two probably saw nothing sinister about it, they agreed on secrecy, because, as McAfee later wrote Williams, "The tentative nature of this undertaking and the many uncertainties in it . . . might cause public misunderstanding . . ."

Certainly neither they nor anyone else who subsequently got involved in what has since become famous as the Dixon-Yates deal remotely envisaged the political heat a few hundred thousand kilowatts of electricity could generate.

Their failure of imagination is perhaps understandable, for the complex and somewhat bizarre controversy that is Dixon-Yates arises not so much from its basic proposition as from the fascinating documentary it provides of a hasty Administration effort to ram doctrine through by governmental decree.

Tangled Web

The AEC's vast new installations in the South have created an enormous demand for power which the Tennessee Valley Authority has obligingly furnished at low cost. The cumulative demands of the Atomic Energy Commission, added to the growing demands of TVA's other civilian and military consumers, create critical impending shortages in the Valley area unless new capacity is rapidly built.

However, TVA was to be penalized rather than rewarded for its efficiency in the past. Instead of being allowed to build new capacity cheaply on its own, TVA was to be forced to take more expensive power from an outside supplier. This supplier, preposterously enough, was to be the AEC itself—the customer whose demands were the immediate cause of the shortage. The AEC would get this power from a private group's new plant—at a higher cost.

The fuzziness that surrounds this story in the public mind is understandable. No evidence of graft or vulgar corruption entered into the transaction to fix it publicly as a "steal." Rather it represents a tenacious administrative devotion to ideology in defiance of economic fact and correct procedure which matches or surpasses any such ideological fixation imputed to the most doctrinaire of the New Dealers. In essence, the Dixon-Yates deal is an expression of the Republican belief that privately produced power, no matter how much more expensive or inefficient, is better than publicly produced power, no matter how cheap or efficient.

Mr. McAfee's visit to the AEC in December was only the first awkward step in the Administration's attempt to put this quaint philosophy into practice. He called on Mr. Williams to receive an invitation to a power combine he headed—Electric Energy,

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Incorporated—to supply increased power to the AEC's huge Paducah, Kentucky, installation.

Mr. McAfee was unenthusiastic, to say the least. His power combine had already tried to compete with TVA in supplying a portion of the AEC's needs at Paducah and had come off

second best. It had begun a power plant at Joppa, Illinois, at an estimated cost of $198 per kilowatt capacity; but simultaneously TVA was more quickly and efficiently building a similar plant for the same purpose at about $145 per kilowatt capacity. (Power from Electric Energy's Joppa plant will cost AEC $2.8 million more annually than the original estimate.)

Enter Mr. Dixon

Thus, after a few weeks of deliberation, Mr. McAfee bowed out—but not before introducing in January, 1954, his friend Edgar Dixon, President of Middle South Utilities, Incorporated, to his AEC contacts.

Mr. Dixon, evidently a more enterprising enterpriser than Mr. McAfee, spent the next few weeks in negotiations, both with the AEC and the Budget Bureau, the interpreter of the Administration's fiscal policies. Finally there emerged a concrete proposal in which Mr. Dixon was joined by Mr. Eugene Yates of The Southern Company. In it the two gentlemen offered to form a combine to build a new steam power plant across the Mississippi from Memphis. This private power plant would provide 600,000 kilowatts to make up for the AEC's drain on the Tennessee Valley area. It would sell this power to AEC, which could then sell or swap it to TVA. On February 25 the two utility men submitted a cost estimate to the AEC. Six days later its chairman, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, forwarded a favorable analysis of the Dixon-Yates proposal to the Budget Bureau.

Admiral Strauss's analysis indicated that over its quarter-century life the Dixon-Yates proposal would cost $4,138,000 a year more than the AEC's present contract with TVA. The AEC chairman called on "higher executive authority or Congress" to justify the higher cost and noted that the Atomic Energy Commission was divided on the wisdom of "using its contracting power in the manner proposed."

Broken Yardstick

By this stage, a number of things were beginning to go wrong with a project that had started out to relieve TVA of the AEC's power demands. For one thing, AEC was proposing to become a broker instead of a direct purchaser of power. For another, though competitive bidding in the usual sense is not practical in the utility field, the AEC made no attempt to secure alternate plans which might provide a sound basis for cost comparison. Lastly, almost grotesquely, no representative of TVA, an independent authority, was present at any of these discussions that meddled so freely in its affairs. If it was to be made to bear the added costs, TVA's value as a yardstick for power rates would be impaired.

The value of a yardstick in computing power costs was to be swiftly demonstrated. By the time TVA analysts had taken the Dixon-Yates proposal apart, they could show that added costs to the government would be almost twice what Admiral Strauss had estimated. On April 10, Messrs. Dixon and Yates withdrew their original estimate and substituted a new one, made, they said, on the basis of "further study." It reduced the estimated annual power bill to the AEC by more than two million dollars. TVA experts still insisted the extra costs would amount to $150 million over the twenty-five-year contract; Budget Bureau officials figured about $90 million.

Enter Mr. von Tresckow

The deal that Messrs. Dixon and Yates were proposing was, in anybody's book, a juicy morsel—an almost riskless twenty-five-year contract at rates calculated to provide a nine per cent annual return on the equity capital. In addition, the utility representatives asked for a cancellation guarantee that could amount to forty per cent of the plant's cost and for "Reimbursement . . . for all taxes of every kind and character. . . ." (The Senate later forbade the Federal part of this unsubtle tax rebating.)

No other bids were sought, and, except for a brief mention in the President's voluminous budget message in January, no alert had been given to other private capital groups that such a prize was in the offing. Nevertheless, on April 28, when negotiations with Dixon and Yates had reached a final stage, a telegram arrived from the attorney for Walter von Tresckow of New York requesting the opportunity to submit a proposal. Von Tresckow, an economic consultant and former vice-president of the Central Hanover Bank, had chanced to read in a newspaper that the AEC was just about ready to sign on the dotted line with Dixon-Yates. He had decided that he could offer the government an attractive and competitive alternative.

WHAT HE, along with a group of prominent financiers, wished to propose was essentially the Beardsley

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Ruml plan for financing government capital costs without increasing the national debt. Since there would be no element of risk involved with the government as the sole customer, von Tresckow's group proposed to finance the project entirely with 3½ per cent bonds, eliminating high interest capital. They would amortize the plant over a thirty-year period, then sell it to TVA for the sum of one dollar. They would receive a fixed fee for their services. The telegram to the AEC mentioned that the engineers for the group were Gibbs and Hill, Incorporated, a highly reputable firm which had worked for von Tresckow in the past and had, at his request, drawn up tentative cost estimates for constructing the 600,000-kilowatt station to make up for the AEC's drain on TVA.

In making such a bold proposal, however, von Tresckow failed to reckon with the tightly cohesive private-utility fraternity. On May 6, eight days after his attorney's telegram reached the AEC, he was visited by David B. Sloan, president of Gibbs and Hill. Sloan was a very unhappy man. He announced bluntly that Gibbs and Hill would have nothing to do with the project. In a state of high agitation, he sat down then and there and wrote out a letter for von Tresckow stating that his firm had not realized private utilities were interested in the generating station and that use of his firm's name in the telegram was unauthorized. "We will not participate in any activity detrimental to the privately owned public-utility industry in the country," the letter concluded.

That same day, von Tresckow's attorney received a telegram from AEC General Manager K. D. Nichols saying that Mr. Sloan had denied any connection with the proposal. The scheduled meeting was canceled.

A GOOD DEAL more correspondence went back and forth between von Tresckow's group and Washington. It was more than a month before they finally succeeded in getting a hearing, and then only with second-rank officials from the AEC and the Budget Bureau. A few days later, Chairman Strauss forwarded an analysis to Budget Director Hughes favoring Dixon-Yates. Strauss stipulated that if von Tresckow's proposition was accepted, TVA not AEC should be required to sign the contract—a chariness he never evidenced toward Dixon-Yates. On June 16, Hughes replied that the President had ordered a go-ahead on Dixon-Yates.

Dissent from Within

Meanwhile, it developed that three of the five AEC members were as chary of the Dixon-Yates proposition as was Chairman Strauss of von Tresckow. On April 16, Commissioners Henry D. Smyth and Eugene M. Zuckert had taken the extraordinary step of dispatching a letter to Budget Director Hughes protesting the proposed arrangement as "awkward and unbusinesslike." "The present proposal would create a situation whereby the AEC would be contracting for power, not one kilowatt of which would be used in connection with Commission production activities," they wrote.

In later testimony before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, Commissioner Thomas E. Murray expressed complete agreement with Smyth and Zuckert. Unaccountably, during all the months of negotiation, Chairman

Strauss never presented the proposal to the full Commission so that a majority of the Commissioners could vote their dissent.

When Budget Director Hughes addressed his first memorandum on the proposal to President Eisenhower, on April 24, 1954, there was no mention of this formidable opposition and only brief reference to TVA's disagreement with the Dixon-Yates cost estimates.

How much did the President himself actually know about the hornet's nest into which he was plunging? Even the extensive documentation released on the President's order does not clear up this point, for it fails to indicate the nature of his oral briefings. There was, for example, a conference he attended on June 14 along with Republican Congressional leaders at which Mr. Hughes and Admiral Strauss gave "a comparative summary analysis" of the Dixon-Yates, von Tresckow, and TVA costs. At its conclusion the President said that AEC should proceed with negotiations under the Dixon-Yates proposal. But whether the President really understood that he was overruling a majority of the AEC is doubtful. At his press conference on July 22, when Senate debate on the matter was in full swing, columnist Doris Fleeson mentioned the three Commissioners' opposition. Mr. Eisenhower replied that she was telling him things he did not know.

THIS ALOOFNESS was most graphically demonstrated by the sad experience of Senator John Sherman Cooper, Mr. Eisenhower's faithful supporter from Kentucky, who doubted the legality of the AEC's arrangement and sought to have it postponed for further consideration. Two days after the Senate debate began on July 15, he visited the White House, where his plea was summarily dismissed without reaching the President.

Two days later, Senator Cooper sent a letter to the President—and got no reply. Finally, on the very day the matter came to a vote, he called White House Counsel Bernard Shanley to request an appointment with the President before his weekly press conference that morning. Mr. Shanley said he would check and call back. When no call came, Senator Cooper again phoned Shanley and was told that the staff had discussed the matter and decided against his seeing the President. The Senator hurried to the White House to argue with Mr. Shanley, who professed not to be acquainted with details of the controversy. Again the Kentuckian failed to get through to the President.

Democrats' Dilemma

Though a number of Democrats recognized in the Dixon-Yates affair a hot political issue, they also realized that it was at the same time so complex and ramified as to be beyond

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the capacity of routine publicity techniques to get the story across.

Their dilemma was nowhere so neatly shown as in press treatment of the Senate debate, which consumed the major part of the time devoted to the Atomic Energy bill. Since the Senatorial defenders of the Dixon-Yates deal refused to offer anything but the most perfunctory arguments, its opponents were left to paw the air in an outburst of speech-making almost immediately labeled "filibuster."

Inevitably, the Democrats found themselves caught in the backlash of publicity. Rather than piecing together the more difficult story, the majority of news dispatches from Washington concentrated instead on the incidentals of the filibuster. Senator Morse's red rose symbolizing continued freshness amid the fray, a split-second accuracy in timing the length of the speeches, colorful altercations between Majority Leader Knowland and the filibusterers over Senate procedures—these and a thousand other sidelights of this effort to "awaken the American people" outshone whatever it was that the American people were being awakened for.

In a desperate effort to achieve simplification, the belligerents reached beyond their story. Senator Morse hinted that the golf stick was being substituted for the yardstick in the Dixon-Yates deal. Later, Democratic Chairman Stephen Mitchell made this insinuation more explicit. Since the President's good friend and golfing companion Bobby Jones was a director of the Southern Company (Yates), Mitchell implied that the deal must have been cooked up on the golf course.

The G.O.P.'s Counter

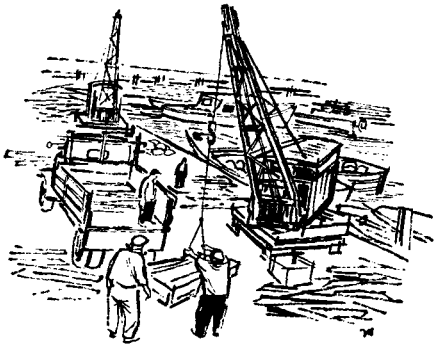
Certainly Mitchell was to blame for this charge, which had not one iota of evidence to sustain it. But the responsibility should be shared by the press, which promptly headlined the charge on page one while carrying the more relevant parts of the Dixon-Yates story deep inside.

The President's immediate ploy in response to Mitchell's gambit—to order the release of the voluminous files on the Dixon-Yates transaction—was a shrewd tactical stratagem for the short run. It settled the hound's-tooth character of the President's own relationship to the proposed contract, for, as all the news stories duly noted, it was not until late in the negotiations that he was informed who the participants were. Someone around the White House was also blessed with genius in timing the release of this material. Surely it was realized that to dump such a mass (running to 134 pages) at 4:30 of a Saturday afternoon was to strain unmercifully the assimilative powers of the press. Reporters worked manfully to file their overnights. Then, as with most day-old news, this invaluable documentary was stuffed away in desk drawers and forgotten.

Backfire

For the long run, however, the strategy has probably backfired. It has not only provided critics with convincing details of the hasty and arbitrary manner in which the Dixon-Yates negotiations were pushed through but has also provoked a chain reaction that has kept the Dixon-Yates deal in the news almost daily. Von Tresckow, his anger suddenly rekindled, has been volubly protesting the treatment accorded him. From within the Mississippi Power and Light Company, a subsidiary of Middle South Utilities (Dixon), has come the explosion of its veteran secretary-treasurer, J. D. Stietenroth. The angry Mississippian has denounced the New York holding company which he claims has forced his company to charge excessive rates. He has recently testified before the Langer subcommittee on monopoly and charged Middle South with double bookkeeping and other dubious practices.

The attorney general of Arkansas, aroused over a recent twenty-one per cent rate increase, has denounced Middle South and called the Dixon-Yates deal "infamous." All in all, the story has been fixed on the front pages long enough, if not quite clearly enough, to raise the possibility of the first Congressional investigation of public utilities since the passage of the Public Utilities Holding Company Act of 1935.



And Now What?

What has happened to the actual negotiations at the time of this writing has become a profound mystery in Washington. The actual text of the proposed contract is still kept secret, even though, according to Budget Director Hughes, negotiations had reached the final stages in mid-August. On September 9, Chairman Strauss announced he expected the signing within two weeks "unless new snags develop."

Undoubtedly one major snag in renegotiation must be to meet the Senate's refusal to provide Federal tax rebates. Another, the question of whether AEC or TVA should bear the added expense, is rumored now to have been settled to TVA's advantage, even though Admiral Strauss had earlier protested this would amount to "subsidizing TVA's customers." Clearly, as the fight has mounted, the Administration has been obliged to make major retreats. Apparently the Administration leaders have been caught in the dilemma of whether to push through the deal now and create renewed controversy, or hold it up until after the elections and be accused of stalling for political reasons.

MEANWHILE, for the Democrats there is still the problem of how to explain the issue to the public. They have as yet been unable to prove any collusion or direct malfeasance in the Dixon-Yates affair. Their problem is to explain through a maze of technical detail just how awkwardly, arbitrarily, and at what cost to the taxpayer the Administration has gone about expressing its doctrines in practice. Governor-Elect James Folsom of Alabama seems to have hit on the easiest solution. Explaining his technique to fellow Democrats at Indianapolis last month, he declared, "I just tell them that Mistuh Eisenhower is trying to take TVA away from the people and give it to Mistuh Dixon and Mistuh Yates!"

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'Should We Fight Dirty Too?' A Democrat Gives His Answer

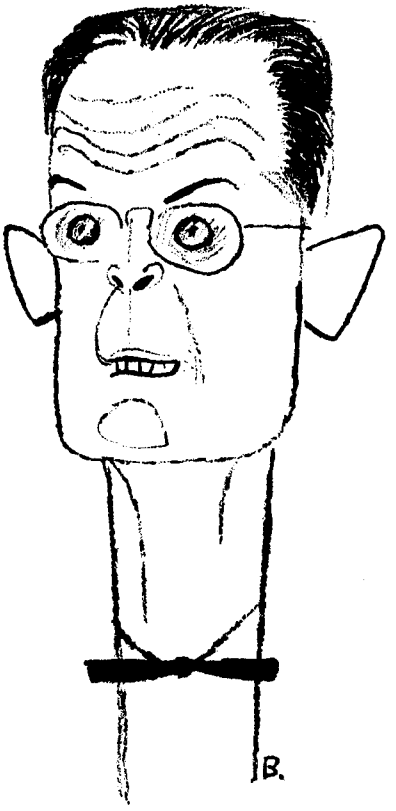
WILLIAM LEE MILLER

DEMOCRATIC National Committee Chairman Stephen A. Mitchell's thoughts about campaign ethics, as quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, have a worthy, if familiar, ring to them: Let's talk sense, let's not promise easy and painless solutions, let's be honest about our opponents, and let's put America ahead of party. But the same week these sterling recommendations were published, Mr. Mitchell dropped hints about President Eisenhower and Bobby Jones: their friendship, their golf, the propinquity of their Georgia cabins, and their respective relationships to the Dixon-Yates "deal."

A certain contradiction between Mr. Mitchell's code and some of his acts may be explained by a revealing paragraph he added to his statement about campaign morality. He said the Democratic Party ". . . cannot adopt a code of ethics unilaterally. If the Republican Party continues to use charges of treason as its campaign stock-in-trade, then the Democratic Party may be obliged to employ harsher words than we would otherwise select. It is not possible for one side to follow the Marquis of Queensberry Rules if the other side uses brass knuckles and an occasional kick to the groin."

THIS APPROACH has the immense advantage, for Democrats like Mr. Mitchell and me, of blaming our opponents beforehand for any dubious practices of which our own party may subsequently be guilty. Whatever we may do, it's their fault, because they started it. Here is our Democratic contribution to that political ethic, currently popular in many quarters, which holds that the present company is by definition righteous and therefore all its sins should be visited upon its opponents.

A classic recent example of this "our-sins-are-your-fault" doctrine is the embarrassed explanation of McCarthyism by Henry Luce and other conservatives that it is really the fault of the liberals—or, as they would probably say, the "liberals." The Communists of course explain that their inhuman measures are made necessary by the vicious resistance of bourgeois and fascist



Mitchell

elements. McCarthyites, in turn, excuse their "vigorous" tactics by citing the unqualified evil of their opponents, the Communists and "Communist thinkers." And the Eisenhower Republicans complete the circle by blaming McCarthyism on Democratic laxity. Vice-President Nixon earnestly explains that Republican failures in Indo-China are the result of what Democrats had done in previous Administrations. And now Chairman Mitchell says that we Democrats can hit below the belt because the G.O.P. did it first.

MEANWHILE, back at the ranchhouse, an organization called the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Inc., has drawn up a code of fair play for the Congressional campaign, renouncing all sorts of nastiness. Stephen Mitchell has signed it, and his Republican opposite number, Leonard Hall, has signed it too. But the remarks of the party chairmen as they signed, and their earlier articles in the *Herald Tribune*, make plain the deficiencies of such a commitment to virtue in general: Each party treats such a code chiefly as an enunciation of the deathless ideals which it has always exemplified, to which its opponents must now conform.

Mr. Mitchell's article cites Adlai Stevenson as the high standard by which politicians should be judged, and makes it plain in his examples that it is the Republicans who have fallen short. He did have the grace to say, when he took the pledge, that there were sinners on both sides, but he does not indicate of what specific sins on his own side he is now repenting. Mr. Hall would not even go that far; he simply called it a reaffirmation of a position that the Republican Party had already taken.

It would be interesting to us Democrats to know just when the Republican took the position he said he was reaffirming. Was it, for example, before last Lincoln Day, when speeches officially sponsored by Mr. Hall's committee accused a whole political party of twenty years of treason? Was it before a two-time Republican Presidential standard bearer advised his hearers to think of treason and the blood of our boys in Korea "Whenever anybody mentions the words Truman and Democrat"? Was it before the Republican Attorney General at a private luncheon used the secret files of his office to impugn the patriotism of a former President? Was it before the incumbent of the nation's second highest office, a Republican, went out of his way to sling a gratuitous insult at a former Secretary of State? (". . . isn't it wonderful," he asked, "that finally we have a Secretary of State who isn't taken in by the Communists, who stands up to them?") The code puts the signers on record against "unfounded accusations"

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"which aim at creating or exploiting doubts . . ." as to an opponent's "loyalty and patriotism."

BUT WHAT seems "unfounded" and "without justification" to us Democrats is apparently somehow justifiable to Republican consciences, and that's the catch. Different interests and different political positions appear with—and help to make—different definitions of words, different indices of importance, and different tests of truth. The rules for campaigns are not laid down by a Marquis of Queensberry and enforced by a referee; they are conceived and interpreted by the participating fighters out of the respective social philosophies which differ enough to make them antagonists. To each party it regularly appears that its opponent is not only taking wrong positions on the real issues but is also talking about the wrong issues. The area in which we agree about the morality of specific cases in our own campaigns is relatively small compared to the larger area in which what seems to be serious, right, true, and necessary to us appears dastardly to them, and vice versa. Therefore Mr. Mitchell's doctrine, that when our opponents do not abide by our understanding of rules we can break them, gives us a very handy latitude.

Take "corruption," for example. Mr. Mitchell and the rest of us Democrats have vivid and unpleasant memories of the sweeping and partisan Republican attack in the 1952 campaign, which seemed to us to involve several kicks to the groin. The Republicans used some kind of special vision to discern a Great Pattern of Democratic Corruption which went far beyond the proven cases; it was blamed solely on Mr. Truman and the Democratic Party, not at all on general conditions of government and society. They linked President Truman not only with the dishonesties and indiscretions of every civil servant in his vast Administration but also with the peculations of a county sheriff in Florida, with the susceptibility of college basketball players to bribery, and even, it seemed, with the rise in the nation's divorce rate.

The same special vision that made it possible for Republicans to discern this vast web of Democratic corruption now enables them, when they visit Washington, to see something they call a "higher moral tone" in that city, evoking images of a well-scrubbed, buttoned-up citizenry, in bed by nine each night, and up to read the New Testament lesson for the day before breakfast. But the discernment of these "tones" and "patterns," higher and lower, seems to depend in striking measure upon the prior conviction of the person discerning them.

Mr. Mitchell seems now to propose that we Democrats look for, or invent, some "patterns" of our own. When the public is given thereby still further encouragement in the easy belief that politics is a web of evil, we can always say the Republicans started it. When our cry of "corruption" ironically helps to make more corruption by the contempt for government it creates, we can always say they used the brass knuckles first. But even so, there are difficulties. For what if we should be returned to office? Then we would have to deal with the demons raised by our own campaign, as the Republicans are still learning after the campaign of 1952.

Let's consider the Dixon-Yates proposition. The reasons we oppose it have really nothing to do with golf, Georgia cabins, or Bobby Jones; they have to do with atomic energy, public power, and the TVA, and possibly with the way contracts are awarded. Our attack is important, and needs to be pressed vigorously and directed straight at the President, who is responsible. But if we win not on our own ground but through some unproved speculation about "corruption," what should we do the next time a public-power and atomic-energy issue comes up? Find another Presidential golfing partner?

THESE DOUBTS are easier, I know, for an ordinary Democrat like me to entertain than for hard-pressed party leaders. They remember that when Democratic Senators tried hard to get public attention for the substance of this crucial issue, they were just accused of filibustering. Mr. Mitchell's charge, some say, gave the issue the "lift" it needed. But that "lift" seems suspiciously like the "lift" Mr. Eisenhower's "I shall go to Korea" speech gave to another com-

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plex issue, an imaginative statement that catches the public fancy but falsifies the real choices to be made.

Sowing the Wind

Perhaps Mr. Mitchell's advice explains another recent move of the Democrats—the action in the Senate on August 12 to outlaw the Communist Party, or something. This move provoked great editorial indignation and the widespread and inevitable use of those well-worn quotation marks around the word "liberal," sometimes coupled with "so-called."

On the face of it it is hard to escape the conclusion of those editorials that the move did not help and may have hurt the causes of both anti-Communism and civil liberties. Some serious defenders of civil liberties and responsible opponents of Communism are said to have argued that outlawing the party would help on both counts. But if the Democratic Senators had these arguments in mind, why did they not present them in debate? If the Senators were genuinely convinced that this was a needed law, why did they not explain in detail why it was needed, and why it was needed now? Presenting the bill suddenly, without hearings, at the end of the session, in an election year, in a form that had been drawn up, we are told, between midnight and one o'clock the night before, suggests that there was a good deal of cynicism in it.

Reading the presentation by the Democrats of their bill does not dispel this impression. Instead of offering careful arguments to explain why this bill was needed to attack Communism and to preserve civil liberties, the Democrats and the lone Independent in the Senate did these things:

First, they gave a series of routine denunciations of Communism.

Second, they used about every known cliché for going to the center of the problem. Hubert Humphrey, the leader, condemned "piecemeal attempts" and "working on the fringes and on the flanks of the problem" and "the rash of little resolutions"; he wanted to "get at the root of the evil" and at "the heart of it" and at "the center of the problem." "Meet the Communist issue in this country head on," said Senator Morse. "Join issue," said Senator Humphrey. "Come to grips" with it, said Senator Humphrey. "In no uncertain terms," said Senator Morse. Engage in "an honest and undisguised frontal attack," said Senator Lehman. "A frank approach," said Senator Humphrey; "Come clean," he said. Stop "fanning of the breeze," said Senator Morse. "Quit horsing around," said Senator Humphrey.

But in all this they neglected one rather important point: They did not explain just *how* their frank, honest, undisguised, frontal, head-on, issue-joining bill really would get at the core, heart, center, and root of the problem. Nor how it really departed from the "fanning of the breeze" and "horsing around" to which it was a response.

Third, they gave what Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, who seemed to be one of the coolest heads challenging the Democratic move, called the "stand up and be counted" argument. "The issue is drawn," said Senator Humphrey. "Fish or cut bait," said Senator Morse. "They cannot duck this one," said Senator Humphrey.

As Senator Cooper observed, this argument shouldn't really count for much in a Senate of which each member could be presumed already to be registered against Communism. But Senator Humphrey and his colleagues seem to have their eyes on a different reality than Senator Cooper—not on the substance of our anti-Communist program but on the clamor of Republican charges.

"I am tired of reading headlines about being 'soft' toward communism," said Senator Humphrey. "I am tired of reading headlines about being a leftist, and about others being leftist." "I will not be lukewarm," he said. "I do not intend to be a half patriot."

Senator Humphrey and his colleagues chose to demonstrate their full patriotism to the headline writers by proposing a bill in which it is doubtful that many of them themselves really believed. Their excuse is plain. It is Mr. Mitchell's: The Republicans used brass knuckles and yelled "treason," so we have to fight back as we can.

BUT, Mr. Mitchell and Senator Humphrey, if we meet the arguments of our opponents not on grounds of our own responsible conviction but on grounds they have selected to suit the mood of the times, then whose is the victory? From here it seems that we should meet the challenge of being "corrupt" or "soft toward Communism" directly, with such admissions of failure as are justified and with sharp replies to false charges. If instead we charge what we know is not so and propose what we do not really want, then we will feed the furies we should combat, and create sinister images that some day will be turned against us.

Perhaps in place of the devious attempt to blame opponents, a simpler tactic might serve: Just as McCarthyism is chiefly the responsibility of McCarthy and his defenders, and Communist tyranny is primarily the fault not of the Czars or fascists or capitalism but the Communists, and Republican policy is mostly to be blamed on Republicans, so we Democrats must bear the responsibility for our own acts.

If we stick by what we believe, we may not win as often, but when we do, we shall know what the victory means.

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In New Jersey
The Voters Can't Lose

ROBERT BENDINER

To many a party boss in the State of New Jersey, politics has come upon evil days. Men schooled in political roughhouse are sitting back while a pair of decent, dignified, and intelligent Senatorial aspirants, armed with a pre-agreed code of campaign ethics, debate issues on which they differ only with some effort. A campaign, take it all in all, that no on can win but the voters.

Less than a year ago Clifford P. Case, an uncommonly independent Republican, was through with politics—or perhaps more accurately, the Republicans were through with him. Unable to raise more than a dime or two to run for governor and seemingly tired of the futile life of a party heretic in Congress, Mr. Case retired to the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic to fight for civil liberties—a political blind alley if ever there was one. Yet today he is the standard-bearer and the hope of New Jersey Republicanism, enjoying—or enduring—the full support of Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois.

Only a little less mystifying, and equally enjoyable to the enlightened voters of New Jersey, the Democrats have put forward not a hack reared in the Hague-Kenny clubhouse tradition but an able and thorough-going New Dealer in the warm and genial person of Representative Charles R. Howell.

Shock to the Cynical

How has it come about that the party machines, no lovelier in Jersey than elsewhere, have taken to offering their voters such solid fare? Shocking as it may be to the cynical, the answer seems to be that the machine operators are simply satisfying what they conceive to be the public demand.

Not to begrudge the Republicans credit for sizing up that demand, it may be said that the signs were exceedingly clear. Last year they tried to install Paul L. Troast, a routine politician, in the State House at Trenton, scorning Case in spite of his proved ability to roll up an impressive vote. But even then, before the financial scandals of the late former Governor Harold G. Hoffman had come to light, Republican corruption was clearly on the public mind. Gambling scandals on the west bank of the Hudson suggested nothing so much as Cook County in its gamier days, and there is no doubt that political links with Willie Moretti and other underworld statesmen cost the G.O.P. heavily at the polls in 1953. Mr.

Troast's famous effort to get executive clemency for extortionist Joey Fay in Sing Sing didn't help, either. In Bergen County, where the racketeers centered their activity, the normal Republican majority of 65,000 slipped to a meager 5,000. So it was that Robert B. Meyner, a crusading country lawyer, last year became Jersey's first Democratic governor in a decade.

When, on top of this stunning blow, another Democrat surprisingly grabbed the House seat that Case had abandoned, the Republican high command became thoroughly alarmed. And when Governor Meyner proceeded to break the Hoffman story in all its bizarre details, the Old Guard was in full flight.

With a Senatorial election coming up, it became necessary to find a candidate as pure as a daisy, unsullied by contact with the *ancien régime*, and, above all, capable of winning votes. Even Robert C. Hendrickson, the respected incumbent, wouldn't do; a slight scandal involving interest on state funds had occurred during his term as State Treasurer.

In this extremity Case was clearly the man of the hour. He was untouched by the faintest suspicion of wrongdoing, and only two years ago, in spite of the organized opposition of pro-Taft die-hards, he had for the fifth time swept his Congressional district, even exceeding Eisenhower's margin there by a good ten thousand votes.

A youthful fifty, attractive, and an excellent campaigner, Case was ready enough to return to battle. Some say that recurring Potomac fever had made him a little wistful in his job with the Fund for the Republic; he himself explains that the Senate nomination was just "too great a chance to pass up." In any event, the outcast of New Jersey Republicanism became overnight its indispensable man.

On the other side of the fence, the rejuvenated Democrats were eager to pour through the breakthrough opened up by the Meyner victory. The scrappy young governor's prestige had soared with the Hoffman revelations, and he was in no mood to let the Senate election go by default. His own choice, almost automatically, was Howell, among whose qualifications were a reputation for integrity, a solid liberal-labor voting record in Congress, an unpretentious, friendly manner, and a popularity that had enabled him to convert a Republican stronghold into a safe Democratic Congressional district. To all of which add the fact that he had been one of Meyner's foremost backers.

When Boss Hague was running things, a man like Howell, vice-chairman of the state Americans for Democratic Action and one of its founders, would have had no more chance for a major nomination than

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Peter Rabbit, and the standards of Boss Hague's successor are not appreciably different. But John Kenny was not disposed to argue the matter with the triumphant Meyner. With a Republican President in office and therefore no patronage anyway, there was little use in getting worked up over a junior Senator. To Kenny a county jury commissioner means a good deal more. "He ain't our kind of guy," he is supposed to have remarked, "but if he's your boy, he's my boy." All that the Jersey City statesman has asked of Howell—and that indirectly—is that he restrain his anti-McCarthy sentiments when he finds himself in and around Hudson County, where the Irish Catholic population is heavy and where a Democrat who runs for state-wide office must look for fifty per cent of his vote.

The Hartley Boom

If the county bosses of northern New Jersey are a minor embarrassment to Howell, they are assets of gold compared with the right-wing Republicans whom Case has to contend with. For the most part these are disgruntled worshipers of Taft and McCarthy, organized into groups with such high-sounding names as Pro America and the Committee for a Stronger New Jersey Republican Party. Among their heroes is former Senator Albert Hawkes, who proved too much for run-of-the-mill fanatics when he happily announced some years ago that he no longer had an enemy in the world now that his only foe lay buried in Hyde Park. And their immediate hopes rest on a write-in vote for former Representative Fred A. Hartley, co-author of the Taft-Hartley Act.

Most observers at first attributed little power to this bitter band of die-hards. Its leaders had long since lost their grip on the party organization, and it was felt that with nowhere else to go on the second of November, they would glumly avert their gaze and vote for Case. But it seems that voting for Eisenhower in 1952 had stretched their party ties to the breaking point, and the naming of Case was more than Old Guard nature could endure.

It was all very well for Vice-President Nixon to denounce Americans for Democratic Action and then support this man whom Hartley called an "eager beaver" for the A.D.A., but these gentry were made of sterner stuff. If they could make a horrible example of Case, they would discourage the G.O.P. from nominating such radicals again, in New Jersey or anywhere else.

When the possibilities of the rebellion dawned on the Republican board of strategy, drastic action was decreed. Senator Dirksen's sentiments toward an Eisenhower Republican like Case are roughly those that a sound mongoose entertains for a cobra. But Senator Dirksen happens to be chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee, and as such it is his responsibility to see that the Senate does not go to the Democrats if human enterprise can prevent it. At an emergency White House luncheon it was therefore decreed that the party's purest Tories would go into the state to beat the drums for Clifford Case.

As matters worked out, however, even the calculated boyishness of the Vice-President, the homey reassurances of Speaker Joe Martin, the ponderous pleas of Senator Ed Martin, the Grundy man from Pennsylvania, and the oleaginous voice of Senator Dirksen have not been enough to turn the insurgents from the error of their ways. "We were violently opposed to Mr. Case before he attacked Senator McCarthy," said an ardent Pro American, "and since then, of course, we are more determined than ever to smash him."

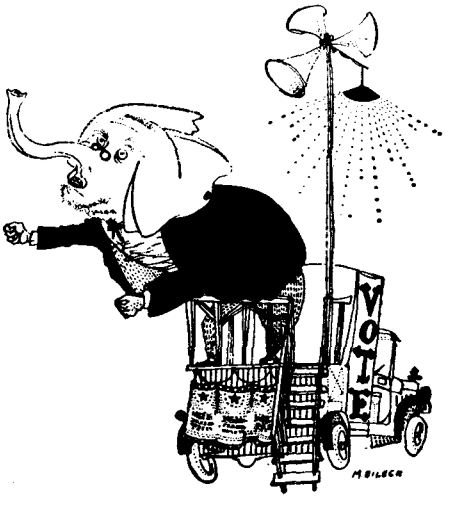
When Mr. Hartley indicated his eagerness to run as a write-in candidate, it looked as though nothing could stop the rebels from electing a Democrat, out of an irresistible mixture of principle and spite. But as suddenly as he had presented himself as the Galahad of New Jersey Republicanism, Mr. Hartley withdrew. A write-in campaign was too expensive, he mumbled, and besides, he had business on the West Coast.

In spite of Hartley's sudden shift, his friends have every intention of writing his name in on the ballot, and he himself has served notice that he will never vote for that "left-wing Socialist." The group may not want to finance a full-fledged Hartley campaign, but it has money enough to flood the state with inflammatory attacks on Case and to influence impressionable newspaper editors. The net result is that some Republicans who would otherwise automatically vote for the party's candidate even if he had horns and a tail are expected to hesitate, perhaps indefinitely, before marking an X for Case. In the event of a close election, they may still be decisive.

As IMPORTANT, perhaps, as this ferment on the fringe is the coolness of many county leaders in the Case campaign. It was certainly to the candidate's credit that he launched his drive with a magnificent attack on McCarthy as "reckless and unfair," as a "deeply divisive force" in the country whom he would certainly vote to unseat from his committee chairmanships. But frightened committeemen by the score ran for cover.

At one conference, called to build up support for Case, only eighty committeemen showed up out of five hundred, even the leader of the host county absenting himself on the plea of a family engagement. "It won't do him any good," said the scared chairman of Hudson County. "Case has opened an explosive issue," said another with considerable bitterness. And a third remarked sadly, "I cannot understand Case bringing the issue into this campaign," as though McCarthyism were the last thing that should ever occur to the mind of a Senatorial candidate in this year of 1954.

Case sees, or says he sees, a "distinct advantage" in the disaffection among Jersey Republicans. "It will etch more sharply in the public mind what I am and what I stand



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for." But political campaigns have laws of their own, and in the nature of things he is being pushed to the Right to hold his conservatives in line; while Howell, by the same token, must stand firm on the Left to keep his natural followers from drifting over to Case.

Fast Footwork

A talk with the Republican nominee reveals this conscious sacrifice of self to party. His emphasis is all on Republican unity and Eisenhower's achievements, very little on his own nine-year record as a liberal Congressman. He has become in fact a determined apologist for the Administration.

Has the President wobbled in the face of defections by his own Congressional leaders? Not at all, says Case. "Any President must use the full resources of his party. He can't perpetuate division but has to close ranks." Knowland, Dirksen, and Martin, he says, have "worked hard for the President's domestic program." He doesn't agree with Knowland that we should back out of the United Nations if Communist China comes in, but you have to admit that the Republican-led Senate did defeat the Bricker amendment (even if it did so over Knowland's prostrate figure).

Case is even reduced to point out feebly that Dirksen, with whom he actually has no more in common than Adlai Stevenson has with Boss Crump, once voted for the Marshall Plan and is, in any case, a member of "the Eisenhower team." He manages in his speeches to work in references to Dean Acheson, always good for a jeer at Republican rallies, and to jibe at the Truman Administration for failing to "come to grips" with subversion.

Where he may have doubts about Republican policies, he skirts neatly around right end and slips over to attacks on the Democrats. Was he bothered, for example, by the kind of campaign Eisenhower conducted in 1952? Well, he wouldn't "pass judgment" as to what the President said or didn't say, but he'd go on record that "The effort of Democrats to break up and divide the Republican Party in this way were not altogether honest." Similarly, on the famous Dixon-Yates contract the public power issue somehow becomes subordinate to Democratic Chairman Mitchell's "cheap attack on the President's integrity."

As an executive of the Fund for the Republic, Case had of course taken a dim view of the Reece committee's curious methods of investigating foundations. But after all, weren't those hearings called off? And wasn't it likely, he suggests, that it was the Republican leadership of the House that got them called off? Campaigning can be work.

Avoiding A.D.A. Approval

Howell, in the nature of his position, has an easier time of it. He can talk a routine New Deal line and enjoy it. And he does. Even on the issue of McCarthyism, tricky in view of the sentiment in Hudson County, he has been perfectly forthright, though less

emphatic than Case and less voluble on the subject in Jersey City than in Princeton. But even so, there is refreshing irony in having a Republican candidate tell you confidentially that his Democratic opponent is not as outspoken as he should be in denouncing the Republicans' bad boy.

But this is a campaign rich in ironies. With control of the Senate, including McCarthy's future as a committee chairman, depending on one or two seats, New Jersey liberals are happily paralyzed. Unable to choose between two men "equally and substantially in agreement with A.D.A. policy and program," the A.D.A. endorsed both.

In what seemed like a desperate last-minute effort to stave off A.D.A. approval, Case had announced that he and the organization were "unquestionably worlds apart," and he added hopefully, "It is inconveivable that the A.D.A. could endorse me as against my opponent . . ." All of which leaves the organization in that political never-never land where the greatest boon it can convey is to withhold its blessing.

Golf, Anyone?

At the other end of the political spectrum, the starved Old Guard Republicans see their own position in the party greatly strengthened if Case is beaten. They needn't vote for Howell, of course, having three alternative courses. They can write in the name of the reluctant Hartley. They can play golf on November 2. Or they can vote for Henry Krajewski, the retired pig farmer of Secaucus. Krajewski runs as an Independent for the highest office on the ticket—nobody seems to know why, except that his campaigns are good business for the saloon he operates in one of the least fragrant locales of the Garden State.

This is a campaign in which the Republican candidate looks up from the task of reconciling himself with Senator Dirksen long enough to call the Democratic Party a "weird agglomeration of disparate groups which cannot provide solutions to our great domestic problems."

It is a campaign in which the Democratic candidate says that the Administration has failed in foreign policy, "jeopardized the unity of the free world," sponsored a standstill economy, "failed to pass the test of political morality," curtailed public housing, given away natural resources, and disregarded the welfare of the farmer—and then adds, "I am not a nasty Democratic saboteur and have supported 73 per cent of President Eisenhower's program."

But the crowning irony is that the Grand Old Party has revived a discarded leader of its thin left flank, given him the support of its Nixons, Martins, and Dirksens, and thereby advertised to the country that only by emulating the enemy can it hang on to a Senate seat that hasn't gone to a Democrat since 1936.

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'Scared Money' Wins An Election in Texas

STUART LONG

DEMOCRATS who are expecting to sit back and win the November elections without digging hard for votes had better take a look at Texas. They may be underestimating the power of scared money.

Governor Allan Shivers, who bolted to General Eisenhower in 1952, decided to try to break the two-term governorship tradition in Texas. Judge Ralph Yarborough, a regular Democrat who had made a hopeless race against Shivers in the 1952 Democratic primary, decided that a majority of Texans were against Shivers for one reason or another, and announced against him last May.

In Texas, if a candidate doesn't get fifty per cent plus one vote in the first primary in July, the two top contenders go into a runoff primary held on the fourth Saturday in August.

Shivers-Yarborough Runoff

Yarborough had read the signs aright, and when the primary was held July 24, a majority voted against Shivers. Shivers led with 668,913. Yarborough was second with 645,994. Two other candidates, Cyclone Davis and J. J. Holmes, polled 16,254 and 19,591 votes respectively to force a runoff between Shivers and Yarborough.

It didn't come out until after the runoff, but Republican primaries in fifty-two counties, also held July 24, were called off by county G.O.P. chairmen at the request of Shivers leaders so that conservative Republicans could go into the Democratic primary and vote for him. In the eighty-three counties where Republican primaries were held, only token turnouts were sought by G.O.P. leaders, who were "returning the favor" to Shivers for helping Mr. Eisenhower carry Texas in 1952. Only 9,300 votes were cast in the G.O.P. primary; the rest of the estimated 150,000 to 200,000 sure-enough Republicans abstained or went into the Democratic primary.

It becomes obvious from these tactics that Texas has a two-party system operating in the framework of the Democratic primaries. The Republicans and conservative Democrats, teamed up, have a slight majority over those Democrats who believe in the national Democratic party of Roosevelt, Truman, and Stevenson.

'The Treatment'

The vote against Shivers served its purpose, and starting about July 30, Texas "got the full treatment."

Shivers already had most of the top public-relations firms in Texas working for him, but a few more were retained. TV, radio, newspaper, billboard, and direct-mail specialists went to work on a campaign to switch a few votes in every precinct.

With operating cash pouring in from business, industry, and professional groups regulated by the state government, the Shivers team mustered all the racial and economic fears they could find.

For their No. 1 scare, the Shivers team picked up a strike that had been going on since December against nineteen retail stores, restaurants, and hotels in Port Arthur, Shivers's home town and the citadel of organized labor in Texas. The organizing campaign had been started by the Distributive, Processing and Office Workers Union. When employers started digging up and publicizing "facts" about some of its officers, the CIO itself took over the strike by setting up a CIO local industrial union, which carried on the picketing.

TEAMS of Port Arthur businessmen and women were put on TV and radio throughout the state to tell how their city was now a ghost town because of the "Communists" who were picketing the retail stores. They told mass meetings of small merchants, rounded up by Shivers's local organizations, that their towns would be next if Shivers weren't re-elected.

They told how Negroes were used on the picket lines, how the Port Arthur High School football team couldn't attend the annual banquet in its honor because it was being held in a picket-bound hotel. (The players themselves had voted not to cross the picket line.) One housewife testified that she was afraid her daughter would be raped if she crossed the picket lines.

An elaborate mailing piece was sent to every small businessman in

(Continued on page 26)

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Texas, with a letter from a Port Arthur merchant in his same line of business, saying that this kind of strike would happen to him if "we" didn't win this fight.

Finally a broadside was mailed to all R.F.D. boxholders in Texas, some 700,000 of them. It showed the CIO-PAC as a tornado bearing down on a lonely Texas farmhouse. The copy explained that if Texans didn't vote "for Shivers and Texas," the CIO-PAC would have a picket line in front of every farmhouse.

This issue was exploited with a TV film called "The Port Arthur Story." It started with shots showing empty and deserted streets in Port Arthur (made, Yarborough charged, at 5 A.M.). It included interviews with struck store operators, with a Negro woman picket passing in front of the camera at regular intervals.

The Segregation 'Issue'

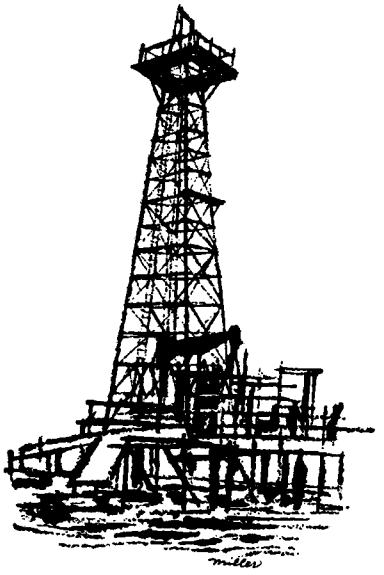
The second big scare technique was school desegregation. Shivers, whose eldest son attends a nonsegregated Catholic junior high school in Austin along with Negroes, told the radio and TV audiences how his very being rebelled at the thought of white and "Nigra" children being forced to attend school together. He promised flatly that as long as he was governor it wouldn't happen in Texas. He pointed to big majorities given Yarborough in Negro precincts in the first primary, and demanded to know what Yarborough had promised them.

Despite the fact that Yarborough had said he believed in segregated schools, the constant repetition of the theme that "Yarborough has promised the N.A.A.C.P. something" picked up quite a few white votes for Shivers in counties with big Negro populations.

Yarborough played the gentleman on this issue. Ignoring urgings from Carter Wesley, publisher of the Houston *Informer* and the most powerful Negro leader in Texas, Yarborough refused to mention the Shivers boy's attendance at an unsegregated school. Wesley wrote in his column that Yarborough ought to attack Shivers for inconsistency, but Yarborough wouldn't do it, and told his county managers not to distribute copies of newspaper stories about the matter.

These two "issues," dinned into ears and eyes with radio, TV, newspapers, and billboards, and laid on every doorstep in Texas through direct mail, showed the power of "scared money." Special appeals were made to every special-interest group. Doctors were told that Yarborough would favor the chiropractors. Chiropractors were told he would favor the M.D.s. Truckers were told he was friendly with the railroads, and railroad men were told he wanted to increase the load limit on trucks. Wets were told he was a dry, and drys were informed that he was wet.

EVERY known type of pressure was applied. The worst was social pressure, on the wives and children



of Yarborough supporters—anonymous and abusive phone calls at midnight, outright discharge of employees who put Yarborough stickers on their cars, subtle and not so subtle warnings to state employees that the list of those who voted could be checked.

Again Those Spots

The Friday before the runoff election there were one-minute radio spots for Shivers on hundreds of stations—at every program break. That cost from ten to fifty dollars an hour per station. There were also as many as ten display ads in every newspaper.

Yarborough countered as well as he could. He tried to answer, but his voice was drowned out and smothered by a flood of ads, spots, and TV programs.

Yarborough went after the Spanish-American votes of south Texas, invading even the boss stronghold of Laredo, where Shivers had swamped him 6,800 to 630 in the first primary. He gained votes from that group, and he got a bigger Negro turnout than ever before. Organized labor got out its votes well, and among these three minority groups, plus the farmers, who stayed hitched pretty well, Yarborough increased his vote to 683,132—enough to have led Shivers in the first primary. But in precinct after precinct and county after county, the "switched votes" told the story. Yarborough got tens of thousands of new votes in the runoff. But at the same time he was losing many who had voted for him the first time from groups that were scared by propaganda about the CIO and the N.A.A.C.P. or by direct economic pressure.

The power of "scared money" was amply demonstrated by Shivers's gain, from 668,913 to 775,088—a gain of 106,175 where the turnout was increasing 107,468. The total vote of 1,458,220 was by far the biggest in any non-Presidential primary election in Texas history. The major part of the increase came from in the large cities, where newspapers were solid for Shivers (Yarborough had five dailies out of a hundred backing him; Shivers had the rest), and where complete domination of radio and TV could sell Shivers like soap. The effect of the multimillion-dollar blitz technique was obvious and impressive. In nearly every precinct a few crucial votes were switched. Even in the ranch country, where drought is biting deep, Shivers was able to make those switches with the help of the national Administration, which threw in a few hundred thousand dollars in emergency drought aid just before election.

The Texas primary wasn't run on the Eisenhower issue. Shivers, defending his vote for him, never did mention the President.

AS a pilot-plant project in the effectiveness of scared money, Texas has provided the technique for the G.O.P. to win in November without providing any antidote for the Democrats—except money.

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The Case Of Wilma Montesi

CLAIRE STERLING

On the morning of April 11, 1953, an Italian laborer walking to work across the deserted beach of Tor Vaianica, about twenty miles from Rome, came across the body of a dark-haired girl. She was lying face down, her head toward the water's edge, her features calm as if in sleep. Beneath a yellow cardigan thrown over her shoulders and fastened by a single button at the throat, she wore only a sport jacket, a slip and matching panties, and a brassiere. Skirt, stockings, garter belt, shoes, and purse were missing.

Who was she? How had she come to this lonely strip of coast that couldn't even be approached by road? Had the sea washed her in? No, said the man who found her. "We've seen plenty of corpses drift in here. They're always swollen up. This one isn't." Had she walked miles over the sand in the dark? Alone? Why?

It was a cut above the commonplace crime story, and Romans settled down to enjoy it. The police acted with unusual speed. The girl was identified at once as Wilma Montesi, handsome if somewhat heavyset twenty-one-year-old daughter of a Roman tradesman. As far as anyone knew, she had lived a blameless life until she disappeared from home April 9. She died a virgin. No one could suggest any motive for either suicide or murder. Within three days, police and family together had worked out a theory of accident: Wilma had had a sore spot on her heel, and had gone to the popular seaside resort of Ostia to bathe it in sea water. She had felt ill on contact with the cold water, fainted, and had been carried twelve miles down the coast by the current to where she was found. Four days after her corpse was discovered at Tor Vaianica, the Attorney General of the Republic closed the case.

The explanation didn't satisfy many people. There were the usual dark hints that someone was covering up something. But no one foresaw, at the time, that a year and a half later the Montesi case would be debated with extraordinary passion all over Italy, that it would put the son of the Foreign Minister into jail and force his father, a man of unblemished reputation, to resign from the Cabinet.

Wilma Montesi

Those Intimate Memoirs

Even today after months of accusations, investigations, hearings, and arrests, there is remarkably little proof of an actual crime, let alone of anyone's guilt. Nor have the star witnesses in the case given much useful information on that score. But they have, through intimate memoirs sold to magazines and marathon confessions on the witness stand, given the public a glimpse into an underworld of sex orgies, drug traffic, tax fraud, shady financial dealings, blackmail, bribery, and influence peddling. In so doing they have involved in one way or another elements from almost every part of Italian society—well-born adolescents, poor artists, rich businessmen, aristocrats, prominent laymen in Vatican circles, the police, and some of the nation's political leaders.

By now, the question bothering Italians isn't just whether, as the Attorney General now asserts, a thirty-two-year-old playboy named Giampiero Piccioni did or did not, under the influence of drugs, leave an unconscious girl to die on the sand—or if not young Piccioni, then a grandson of the late King Victor Emmanuel III, who is the No. 2 suspect, or any other highly placed Signor X. It is whether whoever did this was protected by the underworld in collaboration with the Rome superintendent of police, the national chief of police, the courts, members of the Cabinet, and top officials of the Christian Democratic Party.

The Muto Story

Shortly after the Montesi case was closed, in 1953, an obscure newspaperman named Silvano Muto, editor of a yet-unborn magazine to be called *Attualità*, decided to investigate further. He may have had interested motives. He was a sympathizer, if not an enrolled member, of the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement. Moreover, his father, a Christian Democrat, had been ruled out as a candidate in that spring's elections by Attilio Piccioni, a leading Christian Democrat who was later to become Foreign Minister; and Piccioni's son had been mentioned insistently in the earliest rumors about the case. Certainly there was something strange about Muto's magazine, which carried the Montesi exposé in its first issue and has now ceased publication. Nevertheless, he had something to go on.

The foot-bath theory hardly explained why the victim had chosen to go to Ostia after 5 P.M. on a cloudy, windy day to wade in the sea, how she could have fainted and drowned in ankle-deep water at

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low tide, why she was wearing panties when found but not the garter belt she habitually wore underneath, where her missing clothes could be, how, if they had been carried away by the sea, she could still have retained her cardigan fastened by only one button and why it should have been *over* her jacket, and how she could have been in the water forty-odd hours without showing signs of long immersion.

Furthermore, although the body was found at seven-thirty in the morning, it wasn't removed to the morgue until the evening, and no autopsy was performed until three days later—too late to determine the presence of certain drugs or the exact time of death. On top of that, the autopsy, completed in four hours, had been entrusted to two nonspecialized physicians, although there were police surgeons available.

MUTO published his story in October. After reviewing the gaps in the case, he pointed out that Tor Vaianica lies within a mile of Capocotta, a private hunting preserve belonging to the exiled royal house of Savoy, and rented to an exclusive club called the Sant' Uberto. He added that the stretch of coast from Capocotta south to Anzio was notorious for dope smuggling, and that Capocotta itself was rumored to be the scene of drug-induced orgies. He charged that Wilma Montesi had been brought to a dope party there by an influential Signor X, collapsed after taking drugs, was presumed dead, and had been carried to Tor Vaianica on the advice of the police or with their help, to be washed out with the tide.

The magazine *Attualità* was not well known enough to attract much attention. Nevertheless, Muto was cited immediately by the Attorney General for publishing "false and alarming rumors capable of disturbing public order."

He admitted readily to the examining attorney, Angelo Sigurani, that he had no proof, and agreed to retract at his trial. But he asked, and was promised, that the Attorney General's office investigate the case until the guilty parties were found. Before the trial, however, two things happened: Sigurani closed the case officially for the second time; and Muto had a visit from a girl called Anna Maria Caglio.

Primrose Path

When Muto came to court last March 4 he was no longer interested in retracting. Signorina Caglio was his first big witness.

She testified for three days; and

Ugo Montagna

the Montesi case moved into eight-column headlines. Two years earlier, she said, she had come to Rome, aged twenty-one, to become an actress. She had brought a letter of introduction from her father, a prominent Milanese lawyer-notary, to Giuseppe Spataro, vice-secretary of the Christian Democratic Party and several times a Minister in Christian Democratic Cabinets. In Spataro's anteroom, his secretary had introduced her to Ugo Montagna, self-styled Marchese, a charming man in his forties, as someone "who could do more [for her] than the Minister." Soon afterward, she became Montagna's mistress.

As she traced her life with Montagna from infatuation to dawning recognition to fear to flight, the public got its first look into the underworld. This is the story she told:

Montagna was the administrator of the Sant' Uberto club at Capocotta. He had organized elaborate wild-boar hunts there for hundreds of Roman nobles, generals, politicians, and high police officers. The place, with its two primitive cottages, wasn't well adapted to wild parties. But Signorina Caglio had heard of at least one, attended by Montagna, Piero Piccioni, a major in the police force, and a wealthy, mysterious woman dancer called variously Jo De Jong and Giobben Gio. The dancer later told her friends she had lost $20,000 playing baccarat at that "little Capocotta party," and that afterward she had been "made to do things it's better not to talk about."

Aside from Capocotta, Montagna had three occupations: dope smuggling, procuring, and real estate. For the dope trade, he was in constant touch with the Captains of the Port in Genoa, Naples, and Anzio. His procuring was ambisexual. His real-estate deals were sporadic but highly profitable. On one occasion, he had sold a building for $160,000, after which he gave commissions of $10,000 each to young Piccioni and Alfonso Spataro, the Minister's son. He had also given an apartment worth $50,000 to Tommaso Pavone, the national chief of police.

WHAT had all this to do with Wilma Montesi? Signorina Caglio hadn't known the girl. But shortly after Wilma died, she claimed to have heard cryptic conversations between Montagna and Piero Piccioni, one of his close friends. She had waited in the lobby of the Viminale when, two weeks after Wilma was found, Montagna and Piccioni had gone to see Police Chief Pavone because, as Montagna told her, "Piero is in trouble." When Montagna came out, she said, he remarked, "Everything will be all right now." She had protested that Piccioni should admit what he had done if he was guilty. "Little one," he said, "you know too much."

In October she saw the *Attualità* story, and "everything fell into place." She went to Muto, told him what she suspected, and then confronted Montagna with everything—dope, procuring, and Montesi. "What are you saying about me?" he asked her. "That you're a gangster," she replied. That night, as they dined in a small Roman restaurant, she became very ill. She was sure that Montagna had tried to poison her. When she recovered, she sent a memorandum about what she knew or believed to Amintore Fanfani, who a few months earlier had re-

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placed Mario Scelba as Minister of the Interior. She also took her story to Attorney Sigurani, then in charge of the Montesi investigation. Sigurani, she said, advised her to go home and forget it.

Corroboration

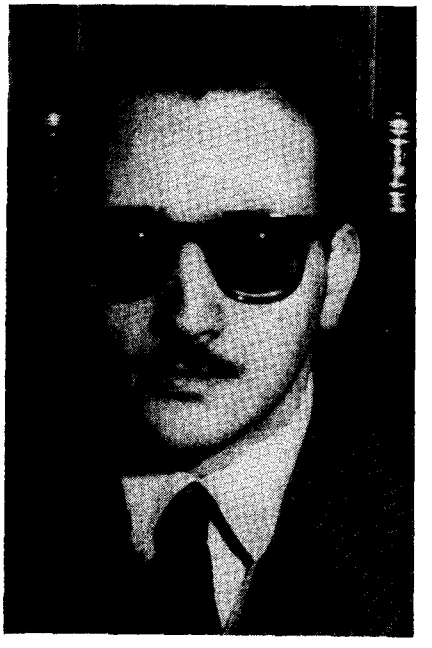
The country was sharply divided about Signorina Caglio's testimony. One side considered her a national heroine. The other said she was a frustrated actress seeking publicity, a jilted mistress after revenge, and a psychopathic liar who, as Attorney Sigurani declared, had "constructed a whole castle of fantasies."

Who was right? Perhaps, to some degree, everybody. Certainly there was some pique behind what she was doing, and excitement at the sensation she was causing. And she was clearly a girl with imagination. On the other hand, she was uncommonly attractive and also intelligent, and well-educated in Milanese and Swiss schools. Could she, merely for the thrill of it, have undertaken so lightly to destroy her own reputation and perhaps blight her entire life?

For a moment the public put Piccioni aside in its fascination with the world Signorina Caglio had revealed. Was it possible that a man in Montagna's position could be so corrupt, and could so easily spread his corruption in high quarters? There, at least, she was proved right.

Shortly after she left the stand, the presiding judge ordered the reading of a report on Montagna compiled by the carabinieri who had not until then been brought into the case. The report said that Montagna had been brushing with the law all his life; had sponsored gatherings of loose women "to satisfy the libido of many high personalities in the political world [of 1941]"; entertained German officers and civilians during the Nazi occupation; black-marketed; blackmailed; spied for the Fascist secret service OVRA; and "acted as a cover for various big personalities in a series of dubious business deals." Among the people listed as his close friends and business associates were young Piccioni and young Spataro and also the head of the government's National Sulphur Commission, a major in the police force, a lawyer on the Vatican's Sacra Rota, and the Pope's personal physician.

As for drugs, the report said cautiously that a preliminary investigation showed "no elements excluding the possibility that in the hunting parties Montagna organized at Capocotta in which people of high rank participated, drugs like marijuana and cocaine could have been provided to people who wanted voluptuous sexual pleasures, and that Montagna, abusing the acquaintance and protection he had, could have helped the drug traffic along. . . "



Silvano Muto

When the court session ended that day, the huge crowds waiting around the Palace of Justice cheered Muto and Signorina Caglio, and the carabinieri as well, a phenomenon without precedent in the history of that illustrious arm of the state.

Two days later, Police Chief Pavone resigned. He was the first casualty, and the public waited eagerly for others as the story of Montagna gradually came to light. It turned out, for instance, that Montagna had paid taxes on an income of $1,250 in 1952—a year when he had sold a building on Rome's busy Corso for $160,000, and had been giving Signorina Caglio $800 a month for expense money. A tax official estimated that between back taxes and fines for evasion, he owed the government at least $150,000. It also turned out that neither young Piccioni nor young Spataro had paid taxes at all. Both, though financially successful on their own, were listed by their fathers as dependents.

MOREOVER, there seemed to be no limit to Montagna's circle of friends. Among those who had been his guests at Capocotta or at his private estate in Fiano Romano were not only dukes and duchesses and police officials, but dozens of Deputies, five or six Cabinet Ministers and ex-Ministers, and so influential a figure as Luigi Gedda, president of Italian Catholic Action. Disclaimers only made matters worse. The elder Spataro, for example, claimed he didn't know Montagna; the Communists' paper, *L'Unità*, published a photograph of Montagna as first usher at young Spataro's wedding. The other usher was Prime Minister Scelba.

Interesting as they were, however, these revelations brought the court no closer to the question of how Wilma Montesi had died.

She Talked in Her Sleep

Then Muto produced Adriana Bisaccia, a young model, bit actress, and frequenter of existentialist circles in Rome's artist quarter. It was Adriana, he said, who had told him that Wilma had gone to Capocotta that fatal evening with another girl and three men, that one of the men was Piero Piccioni, and that Piccioni had let her "die in the sea."

Adriana Bisaccia came to the stand on the verge of hysteria. Yes, she had told Muto these things. But she was "suggestible," and Muto had hounded her into saying what he wanted her to say. She knew about dope parties in general, and had been to some. But she hadn't known Wilma, or anything about her. She said, first, that she didn't know Piero Piccioni, then that she had had a child secretly by him, then again that she had dreamed of Piccioni and the child in a trance and the story wasn't true.

The testimony of this witness might have been completely disregarded but for the curious experience of her ex-lover, a painter and drug addict called Duilio Francimei. While she was on the stand, Francimei told reporters he was preparing a memorandum proving that Signorina Bisaccia "knew a great deal" about Wilma's death. That night, Francimei was taken by Rome police to a public mental hospital, where

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he was held in a strait-jacket for forty-eight hours. Physicians at the asylum, however, had declared him perfectly sane.

RELEASED after a public uproar, Francimei came to court to swear that Signorina Bisaccia had cried out repeatedly in her sleep: "Don't throw me in the water like Wilma." She had also, he said, told him often that she was afraid. She had made mysterious phone calls to an unidentified Ugo. And in January, 1954, she had tried to commit suicide, explaining afterward that she wanted to kill herself to "protect people high up."

The Intercepted Testament

The Muto trial continued, with charges and denials, tearful confrontations, and an incredible amount of bald-faced lying, for three weeks. The presiding judge learned of a "spiritual testament" written by Signorina Caglio the preceding October, after Montagna's alleged attempt to poison her. It had just been mailed to Signorina Caglio by a former landlady. The judge ordered police to intercept it at the post office, then on March 20 had it read in court. It was a brief note whose essence was in one damning sentence: "Montagna is the leader of the gang, and Piero Piccioni is the murderer."

For the first time, Piccioni stood directly accused. "Is this yours?" asked the judge. "Yes," said Signorina Caglio. The judge suspended the trial of Muto and instructed the Attorney General to open for the third time an investigation into the death of Wilma Montesi.

The attorney put in charge of this investigation was Judge Raffaele Sepe. Well on in years, well off financially, never known to have strong political ambitions, Sepe could have no interest in twisting the truth. Nor could he have helped the Government by doing so.

BY THIS TIME, Prime Minister Scelba, his Cabinet, and the whole Christian Democratic Party were deep in crisis. Scelba had been Minister of the Interior and consequently responsible for the police when Wilma Montesi died. By now there was no one in Italy who believed in the foot-bath theory, or who didn't believe that the police had worked in collusion with some "Signor X" to cover things up. Scelba's Cabinet—the first with a working majority since the disastrous elections of June, 1953—had been approved by a harried Parliament in the middle of the Muto trial. One of its first acts was to accept the resignation of the man who had been Scelba's trusted lieutenant in the Interior Ministry, Police Chief Pavone. One of its next was to refuse, for the moment, the

Photographs from Wide World

Anna Maria Caglio

proffered resignation of its new Foreign Minister, Attilio Piccioni.

Involving the Prince

This time the court investigation went much further. Between April and September, Judge Sepe spent 1,500 hours interviewing 350 persons, ordered an exhaustive new autopsy of Wilma Montesi's remains, and jailed several participants in the Muto trial and guards at Capocotta for lying under oath or withholding evidence. Early in September he told the police to pick up the passports of Piero Piccioni, Ugo Montagna, Francesco Saverio Polito, retired Rome superintendent of police, and Prince Maurice of Hesse, a grandson of the late King Victor Emmanuel III. Later that month, young Piccioni and Montagna were arrested.

Piccioni was charged with manslaughter, aggravated by the use of drugs. Montagna was accused of helping mislead the police. Polito, though not in jail, was put under subpoena, the Italian equivalent of house arrest.

From leaks to the press, it turned out that Sepe had hesitated between Piccioni and Prince Maurice. The young prince was brought into the case by Montagna's lawyers. Seeing the net closing around their client, they informed Sepe that custodians at Capocotta had opened the gates of the demesne to Maurice and a dark-haired girl who drove up in his car on the afternoon of April 10, 1953.

Custodians had given this information to the Rome Police Superintendent, Polito, at the time, but Maurice had never been questioned. Nor should he have been, according to the Monarchist paper *Roma*. "Maurice denies having anything to do with it," the paper declared, as the prince walked off King Paul of the Hellenes' Mediterranean cruise on the Greek destroyer *Agamemnon* into the scandal, "and the word of a prince of the House of Savoy is enough."

Protecting Someone?

Whatever led Sepe to decide as he did remains a secret. No one outside the Attorney General's office has seen the voluminous testimony Sepe collected. No one knows if there is a solid case against young Piccioni, who, after four false starts, now claims to have an unbreakable alibi. Nor can anyone determine whether, as a new rumor has it, he was actually imprisoned because he is protecting someone with a name even bigger than his own.

All this will presumably come out at the trial this winter. By now the resignation of Piccioni's father as Foreign Minister has been accepted, and Scelba has managed to get a grudging vote of confidence from Parliament. But the position of the Cabinet is shaky in spite of the fact that it is probably one of the most vigorous and competent Italy has had since the Liberation.

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Communist Hungary: The Locusts and the Briefcases

PAUL WILLEN

THE GREAT East German uprising of June, 1953, commanded the attention of the entire world and may some day be recorded as the event that marked a turning point in the history of Russia's European empire. Less well known was the series of demonstrations that shook the inner recesses of the empire and made it clear that the East German uprising was only the most vigorous expression of a general convulsion.

In the middle of May, 1953, thousands of Bulgarian tobacco workers went out on strike against oppressive Communist labor policies; early in June, tens of thousands of Czechoslovak workers marched in key industrial cities in protest against a currency "reform" decreed by the Communist régime; then in July, nearly fourteen thousand slave laborers in the Vorkuta mines deep in Arctic Russia wrung small concessions from the camp administration after a strike of several days.

These unprecedented events reflected the sudden weakness of the imperial structure following Stalin's death in March, 1953. But they were not successful. The only satellite where the convulsion was of such proportions that it actually shattered some of the totalitarian bonds was Hungary. The crisis in Hungary was so acute that in the late summer and fall of 1953 nearly 250,000 peasants broke out of the collective farms. The story of this revolt—and the deterioration of Communist power that accompanied it—has yet to be told. Even today several chapters of this revealing epoch of modern Communist history are missing. But in spite of the gaps, the fundamental pattern has emerged.

Nagy's Confession

With Stalin's death, it apparently became clear to the Hungarian Communist leadership that conditions in their country were more critical than they had realized, or than was apparent in other countries behind the Iron Curtain.

"We have to note, and we have to state frankly before the entire country," the Communist Premier Imre Nagy declared on July 4, 1953, "that the targets of the augmented Five Year Plan are beyond our strength." This extraordinary admission was followed by the most devastating indictment of Communist economic policy: Industrialization in Hungary, he said, was "exaggerated," and

had brought on a definite decline in the standard of living. Agricultural neglect had resulted in farm production well below prewar levels, and had endangered national health. The productive capacity of the country had been "overtaxed," the peasants had become completely alienated from the régime, and the arrogance of the police had cost the government the people's confidence.

Nagy promised an immediate modification of the policies that, he himself admitted, had brought Hungarian economy to the brink of disaster. Those peasants who wanted to leave the collective farms could do so, he said, as soon as the harvest was in. That these promises were not mere progaganda but sincere expressions of defeat was soon made clear. "Every member of our party," the Communist leader Matyas Rakosi said some time later, "must realize that a fundamental change has taken place in our economic policy and its line of direction." Communist publicists were soon to refer to the post-July 4 period as the "new era."

The response to Nagy's July 4 speech was far greater than the Communists had anticipated. Discipline in the factories broke down so rapidly that a week later Rakosi delivered an impassioned plea to the workers to stay at their benches. The Communist régime did not intend to abdicate power, he warned, but just the same people were acting as if it did. Everywhere, according to eyewitness accounts, there was excitement, apprehension, and movement, and the government amnesty of July 26 to political prisoners encouraged people long silent to speak. The East German and Czechoslovak uprisings were known, and hope ran high.

'Cold and Dark Hatred'

The most decisive steps were taken by the peasants. Refusing to wait until the harvest was in, they began to agitate for permission to leave the collectives immediately. The government's effort to placate them by offering economic concessions seemed only to have intensified their conviction that the time for revolt was ripe. The government abolished kulak lists, canceled debts, overlooked tax arrears, reduced delivery quotas, permitted the enlargement of private plots, and increased credits.

According to the Communist press itself, the countryside was in turmoil. So great were the tensions between peasants and government functionaries that one correspondent, writing in a government paper, frankly summarized them as "cold and dark hatred." Another correspondent, assigned to cover the struggle in the countryside, was warned beforehand not to take his briefcase with him. He was told that the peasants associate the briefcase with the Communist officialdom. "Invasion of briefcases—invasion of locusts," was their way of putting it. All the hatred and fury accumulated in four years

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of collectivization was suddenly released.

One government correspondent described a meeting of the members of the Rakosi kolkhoz held late in August, 1953. One Kovacs, the president of the kolkhoz, opened the meeting, but before he could get started he was interrupted by an excited member.

"Are you the president, Kovacs?"

"I am."

"Who elected you?"

"'You elected me. The members—"

"We? Never."

"But—"

"Never! Let's end this scandalous business. I quit."

And before the bewildered president could catch his breath, the members, in a torrent of shouting voices, declared their intention of resigning.

"One by one, Comrades!" the president protested. "I can only answer you one at a time."

"You couldn't answer us if you tried till doomsday!" a member shouted, and the resignations continued until the collective was reduced from seventy-one to thirty-two members.

This scene was repeated at the nearby Kossuth collective—where sixty-six out of ninety-six members resigned—and at thousands of other collectives throughout Hungary. By the middle of December, 1953, according to government figures, forty-three per cent of the kolkhoz members had resigned, and by April of this year the number had mounted to over fifty per cent.

The Communist régime was evidently powerless to halt this movement. Indeed, last January the government specifically ordered party functionaries to desist from holding the property and equipment of departing peasants. In cases where the kolkhoz president could not prevent the peasants from leaving, he frequently refused to give them their old lands back or gave them land that the peasants labeled "elephant-catching land" (with weeds so high even an elephant would be caught in them). The government ordered a halt to these activities. The peasants, encouraged by this government order, hired lawyers to bring suit against the local authorities for the return of their old land, and

frequently won their cases in court. Last July the government, alarmed by the peasants' legal initiative, cracked down on this type of "bourgeois justice" by forbidding such suits.

In the Factories

If the situation in the countryside was critical, conditions in the cities were hardly more promising. With the breakdown of factory discipline, the workers pressed for wage increases and more relaxed production tempos and the régime was forced to comply in part. In October, 1953, a new labor code was promulgated which, among other things, abolished the system of fines for infractions of discipline and ensured fair notice to workers who were to be transferred from one factory to another. In Communist Hungary the establishment of these minimal workers' rights could be considered a great victory.

The workers' pressure for increased wages grew particularly strong in the first months of 1954, and managers frequently gave in to them simply to keep production going. But production declined anyway, and according to the first quarterly economic report, even the much-reduced industrial targets were not being fulfilled. In May of this year the government reacted to this growing paralysis and complained of management "softness" toward workers. On May 16, *Szabad Nep*, the official party organ, sharply criticized managers "who try to establish good relations with workers by tolerating lack of discipline" and "permitting the payment of wages exceeding the wage base." Ernö Gerö, Hungary's economic boss, denounced trade-union officials who "instead of opposing this tendency, themselves advised the managers to pursue such a policy."

THE DESPERATION of the government was evident in rapid vacillations of policy. First it appealed for co-operation by offering increased material incentives, and then, when these material rewards endangered the state plan, it tried to restore order by demanding obedience and retracting earlier promises. In January, for example, it scolded rural officials who robbed peasants of their equipment and offered them "elephant-catching land"; but in May it scolded the same officials for laxity in collecting taxes. According to *Szabad Nep*, many officials had become reluctant to press for taxes because it "bothered the peasants" or because they had somehow got the idea that the vigorous collection of taxes was "not in conformity with the new policy."

The party also railed against officials who, still frightened by the peasants' display of force last autumn, offered "illegal concessions" to the peasants in compulsory deliveries to the state. "The organs of state power close their eyes and allow everyone to swindle the state," *Szabad Nep* observed plaintively.

Looser Grip, Looser Tongues

The so-called "new era" in Hungary has not been confined merely to the country's economic life. That cultural strait jacket known as "socialist realism" was modified, and as a result a host of novels and comentaries appeared that were highly critical of conditions in Hungary. At first the government glowed over the prod-

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ucts of the new artistic freedom: "A series of works were born which emanate a fresh, wholesome atmosphere . . . [and] pay more attention to the inner world of man, to love, family, and friendship . . . . Writers who have been silent . . . are active again." But then, as the criticisms of Hungarian life grew in volume, the government became alarmed and rebuked the writers for "taking advantage" of the government's liberality. "Certain writers," *Szabad Nep* complained last July 7, have "specialized" in "exclusively describing shortcomings and troubles," while others—and this was the cardinal sin —"fabricated sham conflicts between the people and the people's state."

The relaxation of government controls in economics and culture extended to the day-to-day life of the people. This was aptly symbolized by the decline in the number of posters and banners that had crowded the streets and lined the walls of Hungary's cities and towns. And even the régime's fiercest opponents acknowledged that in the last year people have become freer in their conversations and less afraid to criticize.

Foreign correspondents, such as Ernst Halperin of the Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, experienced little difficulty in talking with people. Halperin visited Hungary last May, when the Communist Party was holding an important congress in Budapest, and discovered that the overwhelming sentiment toward the régime was not fear but contempt. The régime was apparently so discredited that even Premier Nagy's promise (made at the congress) to embark upon a program of decentralization roused little interest and no enthusiasm.

Sorcerers' Apprentices

The reasons for this lack of interest are not hard to find. Communism is proving itself ill equipped to fulfill the task of radically improving living conditions which it set for itself in the "new era." It is having difficulty enough in simply cajoling its own cadres into following the new course. As early as October, 1953—less than six months after the new course was established—Rakosi launched a violent attack on industrial managers who refused to co-operate with the new program of converting the factories of heavy industry to consumer-goods production—managers who, he said, "continue to cling to the old and customary ways." *Szabad Nep* admitted that the switch-over was not easy: "The production of consumer goods, particularly agricultural tools, imposes tasks which are, of course, psychologically new and strange to our industrial leaders."

This psychological difficulty continued to plague the Communists' program of increased consumer-goods production well into 1954. This year's budget provided that the proportion of the investment fund allocated to heavy industry be reduced from forty-one to thirty per cent, while the proportion invested in agriculture be increased from thirteen to twenty-four per cent. But the habits bred through years of heavy industrial glorification cannot be eradicated by simple decree. In June it was revealed that during the first five months of the year only ten per cent of the investment planned for agriculture had actually been expended.

The government's helplessness before the vested interests and the inertia of its own bureaucracy underlines the critical character of its position. Its leaders are acutely aware of their unpopularity and the growing isolation of their Bolshevik fortress. They cannot be unconscious of the fact that but for the presence of Soviet troops in Hungary (allegedly necessary to guard the lifeline to occupied Austria) the peasant revolt of 1953 might have had far more serious consequences.

Therefore the Communist leadership is engaged in a vigorous effort to broaden its political base. To achieve this end it is working on two fronts at once: In a practical way, it is attempting to "reactivate" the local branches of the so-called National Front. It is also indulging in an elaborate ideological word game. In the Stalinist era the Hungarian Communist régime designated itself a classic "dictatorship of the proletariat"; when the "new era" was introduced in July, 1953, it asserted that its foundations lay in the "indestructible alliance of the workers and peasants"; and in June, 1954, it declared that its roots lay in the "unity of the entire nation . . . workers, working peasants, intelligentsia, the petty bourgeoisie, and other strata." The only classification specifically excluded was the kulaks, and some have speculated that if the crisis should deepen, they too will be embraced in a new formula.

As ELSEWHERE, late summer and fall in Hungary are devoted to the gathering in of the harvest. Every evidence points to the fact that the peasants who were the driving force behind the revolt of 1953 are in no conciliatory mood. Government grain collectors are having an especially difficult time convincing the peasants of their obligation to fulfill even the much-reduced quotas decreed last March. The peasants seem determined to extend the victories already won, and they display no slightest sign of gratitude toward their much-weakened government. The attitude still seems to be "invasion of briefcases—invasion of locusts." And the locusts seem to be losing in Communist Hungary.

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The Brothers Cassandra, Joseph and Stewart

WALTER T. RIDDER

FOUR TIMES a week through two hundred newspapers the Alsop brothers peer gloomily at the American scene. They scrutinize civil defense, atomic energy, jet propulsion, strategic stockpiling, domestic politics, and foreign policy, and in each they usually find us wanting. Their readers have long since become inured to such phrases as "the tragedy of our times," "the edge of the abyss," "the slippery brink of disaster," and "in these dark times," and have learned to interpret as fairly hopeful "it is still too early to say that the worst result is already inevitable."

The backgrounds of neither Joseph Wright Alsop, Jr., forty-four, nor Stewart Johonnot Oliver Alsop, forty, justify their attitude of perennial dismay. These two descendants of New England pioneers were raised in a Connecticut family that knew neither want nor lack of social standing.

They have been warning of impending disaster since December 31, 1945, the day on which the column first appeared. Their predictions have not always been borne out by subsequent events. They hinted at Russian aggression in Europe in 1952, yet the critical year slid by with nothing more to worry the world than the results of the American political conventions. Writing from Korea in 1950, Joe blithely dismissed the chances of Red China's entering the conflict. "The Chinese Communist régime," he wrote in early October of that year, "is too much occupied with internal problems to attempt large-scale aggression in the near future." Two days later he called possible Chinese intervention "insane" and stated flatly that if they did enter the war, "they're not capable of much." Yet more often than not the Alsops have been right, and if the general tenor of their column appears morose, it may stem from the fact that the world situation has not improved much in the nine years of their collaboration.

AS ONE encounters them personally, the Alsops are neither as woebegone nor as ponderous as their writings. Both are gay but given to airing opinions with great emphasis. Stewart talks in the hard, well-modulated tones of the Yale Club man. Joe, a Harvard graduate, issues his pronunciamentoes in a high-pitched, resonant voice leavened by an outrageous Oxford accent that simply overwhelms whatever opposition may have attempted to express itself. Joe's conversation is punctuated by a piercing laugh, generally at his own sallies, which has been known to penetrate three Pullman-car lengths of a Presidential special in motion.

Joe's boot training in the art of centering attention about himself was rigorous. In his early post-college years, Joseph sat at the feet of that old master of self-glorification, Alexander Woollcott. Indeed, so well did Joe absorb the lessons of his teacher that Woollcott stated with all-embracing finality: "Joe Alsop is the only well-educated young American."

The Battle with Strauss

When the Alsop brothers seek to wring information from reluctant public officials, their approach to the task is an amalgam of political, social, and professional arrogance. There being practically no elected or appointed official who can withstand the Alsops' overbearing attitude, the bureaucrats let flow a fount of information that is unavailable to lesser reporters.

Stewart likes to recall their joint interview with a certain Presidential candidate. The hopeful rambled through a well-used stock of political clichés, which prompted Joseph abruptly to remark: "Governor, I have never heard such unadulterated twaddle in my life." The candidate reacted to the shock treatment at first with anger, then with a more intelligent and precise summary of his ideas. "You see, Stewart,"

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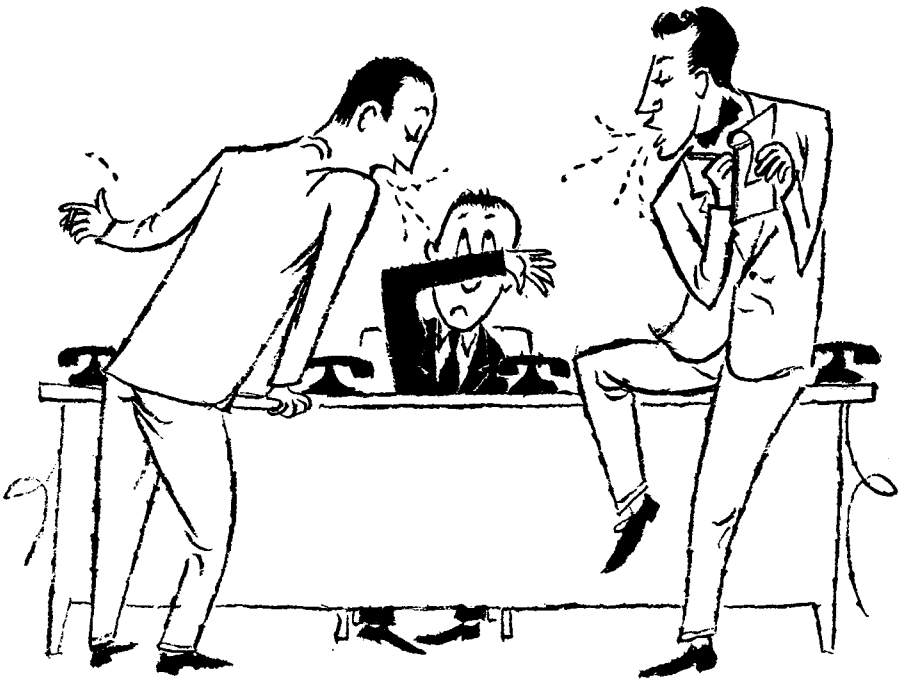
said the elder brother later, explaining his behavior, "now we know what he really thinks." Stewart took the lesson to heart.

On another occasion, Joseph spoke to Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, on matters pertaining to national security. After thirty minutes' conversation during which Joe felt he had learned no new fact, he suddenly rose from his chair and stated flatly: "Admiral, you have just wasted one half hour of my time," then took his leave.

This particular incident did not start the feud between the Alsops and Strauss, but it did water the seeds of what has since become Washington's most intense, most open, and most personal battle. In recent weeks, the Alsops, enraged over the case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer—for which they hold Strauss primarily responsible—have been directing a withering fire against the AEC chairman. In so doing, they have engaged a powerful, resolute, and implacable opponent. It is the kind of controversy on which the Alsops thrive. They enter the lists joyfully and courageously and are prone to continue the battle until the issue is, in one way or another, resolved.

THE BROTHERS believe, and quite rightly, judging from results, that exclusive high-level information is their stock in trade. Just which of the Alsops' numerous sources has given them certain information is a matter of occasional concern to the FBI. They have a disconcerting habit of publishing the exact identification numbers of National Security Council documents, which prompts agents to search for the leak and brings them often to the Alsop doorstep. The Alsops claim they have not been bested in this game of parry and thrust with the FBI.

Brushes with the law and other elements of the body politic are nothing new to the Alsops. Joe tangled sharply with one Congressional investigating committee, the McCarran Committee probing internal security. The committee had turned its attention to alleged spies and traitors who had urged upon the United States a policy which, the late Senator McCarran and some of



his colleagues maintained, had deliberately turned China over to the Reds. Under particular fire were Owen Lattimore, John Stewart Service, John Paton Davies, Jr., and John Carter Vincent. With all these men Alsop had violently disagreed on China policy, but against the charge of deliberate disloyalty he publicly defended them. One observer remarked after Joe's witness-stand stint: "You may not like the guy, but he's a mighty useful fellow to have on your side in a fight."

Joe's Prison Background

The fighting credentials of both the Alsops are unassailable. Joe terminated his first columnar venture (with Robert A. Kintner, now president of the American Broadcasting Company) in early 1941 because, as he says, "It didn't seem right for us young men to scream for intervention in our column and then just sit idly by while others were being shot." They therefore abandoned their highly successful collaboration and Alsop, largely through the efforts of the then Under Secretary of the Navy James A. Forrestal, was commissioned a lieutenant.

Joe was sent out as naval attaché to Bombay, an assignment which he eyed with scant enthusiasm. On the way to his new post, he visited Chungking, where, Alsop puts it, "a real war was going on." He had a brief chat there with Major General Clare Chennault and decided the Chinese-Japanese struggle was more to his liking than prospective desk and cocktail work in Bombay. He communicated his desires to Washington and succeeded in effecting a cancellation of the Bombay orders, but received no go-ahead on his Chennault proposal. After waiting what seemed to him a more than reasonable time, Joe did what every other serviceman dreamed of doing—he simply departed the Navy. Cabling his swan song to Forrestal, he took off for the remote area of Burma out of which Chennault's American Volunteer Group was then operating.

Alsop set to work as Chennault's general handyman and informal chief of staff. In this capacity, supplies and equipment were his most vexing headache, and in late November, 1941, he flew from China to Manila to wheedle equipment out of General Douglas MacArthur, then commanding general in the Philippines. Alsop recounts that his first interview with MacArthur lasted thirty minutes—and for precisely thirty minutes MacArthur talked. "I couldn't get a word in edgewise," says Joe somewhat admiringly.

His second chat with MacArthur went a little better. He left the conference with the vague impression that MacArthur had promised to see what he could do. As it turned out, he couldn't do much, for the Japs

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struck at Pearl Harbor and MacArthur suddenly had several critical problems of his own. Alsop himself fell foul of the Jap blow at Hong Kong. He was trapped with the hopelessly outnumbered garrison and worked in a hospital until the city, battered, groggy, and essentially indefensible, fell to the enemy.

The good advice of the American consul in Hong Kong almost certainly saved Alsop from imprisonment for the war's duration. The consul suggested that, as far as the Japanese were concerned, Alsop sever his connection with Chennault and appear in his normal professional role of journalist. As a civilian, he might be repatriated; as a Chennault aide, he faced certain imprisonment and possible execution.

In prison camp Joe plunged into the task of teaching himself to read Chinese. Toward his captors Joe maintained a strict Olympian detachment. Said one of Alsop's friends: "Joe has an uncanny knack for ignoring that which he does not wish to recognize. He did not wish to recognize the Japs—so he simply ignored them." The following June, he was repatriated.

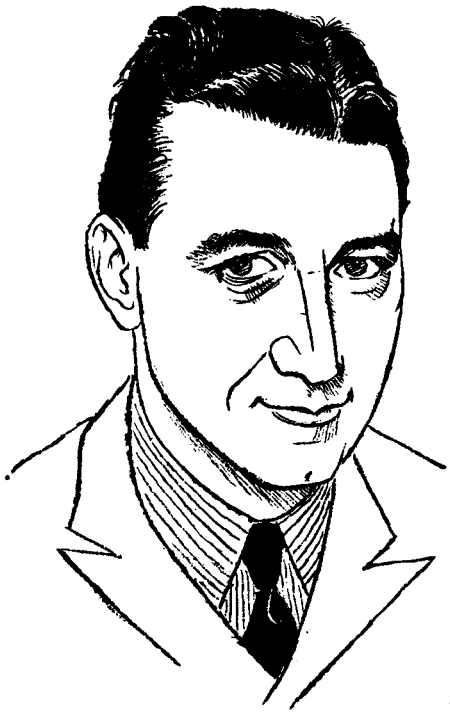
'Hatchet Man' in Chungking

Joe managed to get back to China as chief of the Lend-Lease mission to Chiang Kai-shek, a post he held for a few months before transferring once again to Chennault's staff as an Air Force captain. In both capacities he was entangled in a bitter internecine warfare that was being waged with almost as much vigor as the war against the Japanese. Involved therein were the Generalissimo, General Joseph W. (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell, and Chennault.

Chennault argued for greater aid to the Chinese nationalist leader, while Stilwell, who contemptuously referred to Chiang as "Peanut," maintained such aid was useless unless Chiang rid his Government of inefficiency and corruption.

Joe fervently espoused the Chiang-Chennault cause. Since Chennault's headquarters were in Kunming, he kept in touch with the latest moves and countermoves largely by dispatching Alsop to intrigue-ridden Chungking. It was Alsop's assignment to sniff the air and report on real or rumored defeats and victories in the heavy bureaucratic struggle. He was, as one Old China Hand put it, Chennault's "ambassador" to Chungking. Another described his role not quite so gracefully. "Alsop," he said bluntly, "was Chennault's hatchet man."

In recalling Alsop on the Chungking scene, this man continued: "You've got to remember that Alsop was only a captain in the air forces, but he treated generals and colonels with magnificent aplomb, extending to them from time to time the privilege of conversing with Captain Alsop and quite casually dropping the names of those with whom he had been in contact on the China situation—President Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins, and the like." Indeed, during the visit of Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, Alsop himself typed the cable to Washington in which Wallace urged the immediate removal of Stilwell and the appointment of Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer—a course of action that was subsequently followed.



Stewart

In regard to China policy, Alsop is now inclined to think he may have been mistaken. In a defense of John Paton Davies, Jr., Alsop wrote: " . . . Davies' judgment of the Chinese scene has stood the test of time better than my own . . ." and later he declared that in retrospect he might have followed the Stilwell line had he known "we were not going to have any China policy at all." Alsop blames American confusion and indecision for what he considers the major tragedy of our time—the gradual encroachment of the Communists throughout Asia.

Stewart's War

While Joe was in the Far East his brother Stewart operated in the European Theater. He had abandoned his job as an editor in a New York publishing house late in 1941 to enlist as a private in the King's Royal Rifle Corps of the British Army. An American in that regiment well remembers Alsop's arrival at the training camp. "I was ordered to meet Stewart," he recounts, "at the camp's railroad station. I introduced myself as a fellow countryman. He murmured some vague words of greeting, looked at me in an unseeing way, and then suddenly brightened and with a grandiloquent wave of the hand said, 'There's my baggage.' He apparently thought that an Alsop, even if only a private, would naturally be assigned a batman. He was soon disabused."

Stewart ultimately became a captain and served in both North Africa and Italy. In 1944 he transferred from the British to the U.S. Army and was assigned to the Office of Strategic Services. On the basis of his knowledge of French, Alsop was tapped for service with the French Maquis and went to the O.S.S., school for behind-the-line agents. Before joining the Maquis, he married an English girl, Patricia Hankey, who is now one of Washington's leading beauties. At the end of the war, the couple returned to the United States. The young English bride (she was seventeen at the time of her marriage) was so overwhelmed by the Alsop family that, according to her testimony, "I didn't say a word for six months." However, she learned to fend for herself and is now fully capable of handling the Alsop verbal tidal waves. The Stewart Alsops now have four children and live in a large and rambling house in a pleasant residential section of Washington.

Profits of Doom

As the Alsops put it, their profession is writing and from it they make a

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far above average living. The brothers net some $60,000 per year from various magazine, book, and column writings. No subject of either public or private interest is immune to a searching Alsop scrutiny. Titles of their magazine articles include "I Lost 125 Pounds" and "I Built a Modern House," both by Joe, and "I Stopped Smoking," by Stewart.

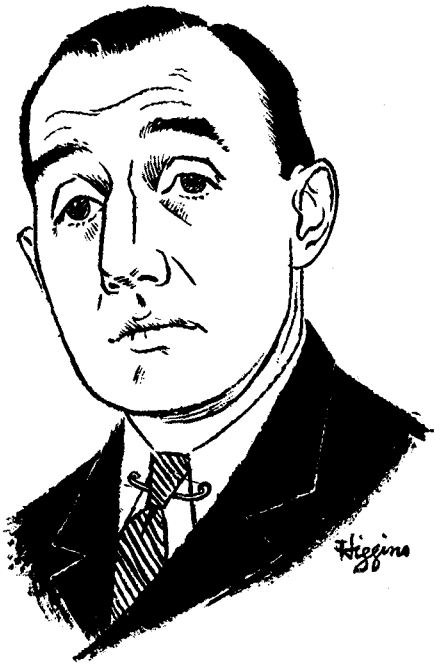
Before the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann in the fall of 1934 for the kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh baby, Joe Alsop was an obscure New York *Herald Tribune* reporter. Assigned to the Flemington, New Jersey, courtroom, he turned out stories —in competition with the biggest names in reporting—that were widely regarded as the finest to come out of the affair.

Old-timers in Flemington still remember the 250-pound youth sauntering about the ever-crowded village, sporting a large and imposing fur-collared overcoat. A friend tells of Alsop and the coat ambling into a jam-packed Flemington bar and imperiously demanding of the astounded bartender a vermouth cassis, at a time when because of the depression the average newspaper reporter was subsisting almost entirely on beer.

Joseph possesses a reputation for having tastes somewhat out of the ordinary. His sartorial elegance is unquestioned, if at times slightly bizarre. Stewart might well be mistaken for a successful young executive or a stockbroker. Joe, on the other hand, can be mistaken for no one else. During the 1952 political campaign, both Presidential candidates appeared on the same day at the national plowing contest in Kasson, Minnesota. Joe covered the event, clothed in a green tweed jacket and slacks. "He looked," said one of his non-admirers, "like Tuxedo Park's idea of what a Minnesota farmer wears."

BOTH BROTHERS have developed palates which caress lovingly the French *haute cuisine*. Joe once combined his connoisseur's taste with the all-out eating of the true trencherman. He devoured two or three steaks at lunch, bolstered by a variety of soups, vegetables, salads, wines, and desserts, and soon thereafter awaited dinner with marked impatience. This dietary routine led to excessive overweight and when he notched slightly above 250 pounds, his doctors ordered him in the name of self-preservation to reduce.

He spent three very unhappy and nervous months at Johns Hopkins Hospital on a murderous diet that left him, he later wrote, "just this side of starvation." He succeeded in reducing his weight and has never since allowed it to move upward. He eats sparingly but well and would rather go without a meal than stuff



Joseph

down his throat food which he considers badly cooked—a description he bestows on the output of the vast majority of American eating places.

The Invasion of Washington

Joe's performance at Flemington won him promotion to the *Tribune's* Washington Bureau. His arrival on his new beat was effected with typical Alsop flair. Before his departure from New York, the youthful reporter had complained to other members of the city staff the fact that he didn't know anybody in Washington. The staffers, moved by Alsop's obvious distress, gave him introductions to their Washington friends, most of them rewrite men on newspapers or lower-rung bureaucrats. The staffers were understandably interested to read shortly thereafter in Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's column an item to the effect that on the previous evening her cousin Joe Alsop, who had just been assigned to Washington by his newspaper, had dined at the White House. (The Alsops are related not only to the two Roosevelt Presidents but to President Monroe as well.)

Within two years of his first assignment, Joe progressed from Senate reporter to nationally syndicated columnist. He turned out a number of magazine articles, most of them in collaboration with Turner Catledge, now managing editor of the New York *Times*. The Alsop-Catledge partnership produced two books: *The 168 Days*, a reportorial account of the Supreme Court-packing fight, and *Men Around the President*. Alsop also wrote a book with Kintner, *American White Paper*, which dealt with certain up-to-then secrets of American foreign policy.

ONE of the curious aspects of the senior Alsop's character is his apparent need for collaborators. Despite a seemingly brash self-assurance, he needs the constant encouragement of partners. One remembers leaving for Europe while Joe finished the last chapter of a book. He was followed by a constant stream of cables, begging him to come home and help with the composition. When he returned, he found that Joe had finished the chapter brilliantly, but just couldn't send the manuscript to the publisher without first having received the accolade of his partner. Perhaps Joe is afraid of his own impetuosity. All of his collaborators have reported fights with him in order, as one of them has phrased it, "to keep him from going overboard."

The Alsop-Kintner column was first directed only at domestic affairs. Only comparatively late in the game did Alsop and Kintner turn to the deteriorating prewar foreign scene and chart with accuracy the path down which the world was treading.

Alarmed at the situation, Alsop, in addition to his other duties, played a major role in germinating the idea that eventually took the form of the lending of twenty-one obsolete destroyers to the hard-pressed British. Alsop, along with William Allen White and other notables, formed the

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Committee to Aid the Allies, and he handled what he now describes as the "lobbying" aspects of the movement.

It caused not the slightest surprise among those who knew Joe that he was briefly dredged up during the recent McCarthy-Army hearings. McCarthy hinted Alsop might have masterminded some of the Army attacks against his subcommittee. Joe on his part claims he was dragged into the proceedings only because he was "well informed," but it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the loquacious and violently anti-McCarthy Alsop did give the Army his advice freely.

Advice is something with which the brothers have ever been generous. Through their column they advised President Truman to make Dean Acheson Secretary of State and later advised him to fire Acheson; they have advised boldness and they have advised delicacy; they have advised on foreign policy, domestic policy, on labor, atomic energy, and the farm problem.

But unlike many heavy donors of advice, the Alsops show an unusual readiness to admit mistakes. Their most famous recantation came after the Presidential election of 1948. Having publicly elected Governor Thomas E. Dewey and given him numerous public briefings on coming problems and solutions thereto, the Alsops were as aghast as other "experts" at the final results. The next day they wrote meekly: "These particular reporters prefer their crow fricasseed."

The other side of the ledger shows that on numerous occasions they have brilliantly foreseen the implications of major policy decisions. As early as 1948 they wrote of the perils in our Far Eastern policy. "These risks, it must be realized, add up to a clear possibility of Far Eastern war in a few years." The vacuum created in South Korea by the planned withdrawal of American troops was almost instantly spotted by the Alsops in 1948 as an invitation for the Soviets to move into that country.

As to the political orientation of the Alsop column, its authors profess themselves clear-cut middle-of-the-roaders.

To Senator McCarthy the brothers epitomize the "left-wing bleeding heart" press, and he has often referred to them as "fellow-travelers." When McCarthy has reason to mention them by name, he invariably pronounces it "Alslop." To such tactics Joe Alsop contemptuously replies: "Most of the boys I knew outgrew that sort of thing at the age of nine."

McCarthy and the Alsops have long fought a running battle. A typical McCarthy blast at the brothers runs something like this: "This article is almost 100 per cent in line

with the official instructions issued to all Communists and fellow-traveling members of the press by Gus Hall, national secretary of the Communist party." The Alsops reply that the New York *Daily Worker* has at various times called them "fascist warmongers," "lackeys of Wall Street" and "presstitutes."

In their attempts to "play it down the middle," the brothers sometimes have tough going. During the last Presidential campaign they were jocularly charged with having played both sides of the street, Stewart favoring Stevenson and Joe partial to Eisenhower. Both vehemently denied the charge, declaring that in the choice of President they permit the American people to make up their own minds.

This is not entirely correct. Joe Alsop must be given partial credit or blame for the eventual outcome of the G.O.P. 1952 Convention. It was the elder Alsop, who covering the pre-convention gathering of Texas Republicans, first let out nationally heard screams of "Steal!" In a column entitled "Theft in Texas," Alsop wrote: "With the on-the-spot approval of Sen. Robert A. Taft's personal representative, the Texas delegation to the Republican National convention has been stolen for the Ohio Senator." He continued thundering about "purloined votes," and the issue ultimately became a crucial one in the collapse of the Taft candidacy.

Who Writes What

Some students of the brothers think they can tell with certainty which columns were written by Stewart and which by Joe. The Alsops, however, claim complete collaboration and insist each column is the expression of mutually agreed ideas and phrasings. The more sonorous and foreboding prose is created by Joe. In the preparation of a recent book on the powers of atomic energy, Stewart waited for the return of Joe from the Far East so that the latter could write one particularly gloomy chapter. "Joe can play the organ of doom far better than I," Stewart explained.

In their original concept of collaboration, the brothers planned to spend half their time in Washington, half abroad. It has worked out roughly that way, although Stewart, married and the father of four children, does not roam as once he did. The burden of traveling falls more heavily on Joe, who is not averse to the chore. Joe talks of permanently leaving Washington, which he describes as "this squalid city," but so far nothing tangible has come of his threats.

An Alsop foreign tour brings to the reader a breathless chase from crisis to crisis. Whether in the Far East, the Near East, or Europe, the brothers rarely find anything of cheer. Joe returned from his latest trip to the Far East last New Year's Day. A friend hailed him at a party and wished him a happy New Year. Joe stared morosely into his drink and, ignoring the amenities, said simply: "All is lost."

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Why Are We Mad at Teacher?

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE HISTORIAN of the future who chronicles this decade will be puzzled by the depth, strength, and prevalence of our anti-intellectualism. This emotion finds expression in the general distrust of universities, particularly of those centuries-old universities that have long been our pride, such as Harvard and Yale and Columbia; in the harassment of great institutions like California or Ohio State or the University of Chicago by state Americanism or loyalty commissions; in the exaction of loyalty oaths from teachers; in the stereotype of the professor as long-haired and absent-minded and feckless, or the use of the term "brain trust" as one of opprobrium; in the widespread zeal for censorship and for book banning if not book burning; in the vague aura of guilt that surrounds association with academic, intellectual, literary, and reform societies; and—most alarming of all—in the widespread suspicion that intellectuals are peculiarly susceptible to subversion.

This is a puzzling situation in a society which has long made a religion of education, which boasts the the highest college and university population in the world, and which has depended and continues to depend on intellectual leadership for its social progress, its political soundness, and its very security.

There is, to be sure, nothing new about the notion that the intellectual is a disturber of the peace, or about the resentment that such disturbance excites. Socrates paid with his life for "corrupting" the minds of the young by forcing them to challenge accepted ideas and to consider new ones, and from his day to the present philosophers and scientists who have disturbed the peace have been exposed to misunderstanding or contumely—or worse—for their willfulness. When we consider the current wave of anti-intellectualism, then, it is well to keep a sense of perspective and of proportion. The intellectual today may be the victim of fear or derision, but he is not the victim of the rack and the fagot. He may not enjoy the prestige he commanded when he was an orthodox member of a church which had a monopoly on all matters of mind and spirit or of an aristocratic class that enjoyed special privileges, but such prestige as he does enjoy he has earned on his own merits.

Yet realization that anti-intellectualism is very old, or that the position of the intellectual in the past was artificially bolstered, is of little relevance. After all, our interest in this matter is not inspired by sympathy for the intellectual but by concern for society. It is essential to abate anti-intellectualism because it is hard on all of us.

To moderate anti-intellectualism we must understand its sources, its nature, and its animus. We cannot do this by assuming that the critics of the intellectuals are all animated by low motives, or that all intellectuals are so high-minded as to be beyond criticism. Our inquiry, in any event, is not a moral one, but historical, social, and psychological. Our concern is not with exalting the intellectual but with using him.

The Mistrust of Reason

First we must realize that there are two distinct aspects of anti-intellectualism, and that it is a mistake to confuse them. One is a reasoned distrust of reason. This flourishes, curiously enough, among the intellectuals themselves. Its origins are foreign rather than American; it finds support from science rather than from sociology; its manifestations are literary rather than political. It came in around the turn of the century with the rise of modern physics, the dethroning of the principle of certainty, and the emergence of Freudian psychology. It was, in short, a reaction to a science that appeared to confront man with forces of nature that were implacable and unpredictable and with forces of human nature that were mysterious and uncontrollable, that left man the victim not only of his natural environment but of subconscious and unconscious impulses and instincts. As considerable intelligence was required to understand the helplessness of reason or to chart the course of unreason, all this was in a sense the discovery of the intellectuals. In various forms, however, it has percolated down into the popular consciousness: in such things as the violence and sadism of the comics, in the pervasive interest in abnormalities and perversions, the bankruptcy of language, or the hostility to discipline in law, education, and manners. It appeared in its most hideous form in the gas chambers of Belsen.

Irrationalism is one thing, emotional anti-intellectualism is another. As exemplified in the antics of a McCarthy, a Jenner, a Tenney, or a Broyles it is peculiarly an American phenomenon. Nowhere else in the West has it made such progress as in our own country. Why is this?

It cannot be that anti-intellectualism is a natural product of democracy, for it does not appear in such democratic countries as Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, or Holland. Is it, perhaps, a product of our particular type of democracy—of democracy that is egalitarian and heterogeneous? So Tocqueville thought, and he argued, in his prophetic *Democracy in America*, that an egalitarian democracy was inevitably hostile to intellectual distinction:

"In the principle of equality I discern two tendencies: the one leading the mind of every man to untried thoughts; the other prohibiting him from thinking at all. And I perceive how, under the dominion of certain laws, democracy would extinguish that liberty of the mind to which a democratic social condition is favorable; so that, after having broken all the bondage once imposed on it by ranks or by men, the human mind would be closely fettered to the general will of the greatest number."

What Tocqueville is saying is that the principle of equality is a leveling one, and it remains to be seen whether it will level up or down.

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The principle of equality is one of conformity, and the standards to which a democracy will conform remain to be worked out.

The fact is, then, that the intellectual class enjoys no privileged place in American society chiefly because it has no place at all. It is proper to speak of an intellectual class in Holland or France or Sweden, but not in the United States. Just as we have, strictly speaking, no clerical class, no military class, no official class, so we have no intellectual class. The intellectuals are not only part of society at large, they are merged in and lost in that society. They have no special status and can claim no special distinction.

They Are Happy in Sweden

This is particularly true of professors, perhaps the chief objects of hostility from the anti-intellectuals. Many an American professor looks longingly at the exalted position enjoyed by his colleagues in Sweden, for example, where the title "Professor" is so honorable that it is conferred on illustrious scholars by Act of Parliament. But the term "Professor" is an honored one in Sweden and something less than that in America because the Swedes have not debased the coinage and the Americans have. The six professors of history in Sweden—that is the total number—are in fact men of great distinction; it would be an exaggeration to claim such uniform excellence for the five or six thousand American professors of history. Second, and more important, American professors partake, for better or for worse, of the character of the institutions they serve, and these institutions have never been things apart (as in many Old World countries) but a part of and a function of society. We expect our colleges and universities to serve us, to reflect us, to conform to us; we require them to do a hundred things only indirectly related to the search for knowledge; we cherish them for achievements other than intellectual.

"The university in America," Walter Metzger has recently written, "is not a community of scholars, but an enormous agglomerate service station, where one can be born, go to kindergarten, lower school and high school, meet the girl-friend, and get married, where one can get religious solace or psychiatric help; where one learns to turn out a newspaper, to do bookkeeping, to cook. No wonder the universities have been hiring generals to run this domain. . . ."

The Professor in Our History

Here, then, is a fundamental factor in anti-intellectualism: the leveling force of egalitarian democracy, its hostility to distinction, and its pressure for conformity. A second is less fundamental but more ominous. It is that intellectuals have been given a large part of the responsibility—blame may be an apter word—for leading the nation along the hard paths of reform and internationalism. In a sense the intellectuals have been the conscience of American society. Again and again in the last sixty or seventy years, they have been in the forefront of reform movements, pointing out the malpractices of the trusts or the railroads, pleading the cause of the farmer and of labor, championing the underdog, calling—and this was perhaps their worst fault—for governmental intervention and for the welfare state. They played a prominent part in the Populist revolt, and a number of them lost their jobs as a result—President E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown, Thorstein Veblen and Edward Alsworth Ross at Stanford, and others. They were active again in the period of the New Freedom, whose tone was set by Professor Woodrow Wilson

They were guilty not only of forcing democratic reforms on a reluctant business community but of championing intervention and internationalism. Professor Wilson was himself a leading internationalist. The intellectuals and the professors became identified in the public mind with international do-goodism.

But it was during the third great era of reform, under Franklin D. Roosevelt, that the intellectuals really got themselves in bad odor. Roosevelt himself was no intellectual in the commonly used sense of the term, but it is notorious that when he raised the banner of the New Deal it was the professors who rallied around most enthusiastically. In the early years of the New Deal, indeed, Washington looked like a perpetual meeting of the A.A.U.P. This was the heyday of the "brain trust," popularity supposed to be responsible for every dangerous experiment in government and politics, for crackbrained projects like the Federal Arts or the Federal Writers, for skyrocketing taxes, for curious new fiscal notions, for the burgeoning welfare state, for the socialistic notion that the state was responsible for jobs, health, and a dozen other things that had been assigned to private enterprise or to fortuity.

This is one of the stereotypes that emerged, then, from the New Deal: the intellectual as reformer, experimenter, and dreamer. To this the war and the postwar years were to add another and more dangerous stereotype—the intellectual as subversive. Much of this suspicion of

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the intellectual, and of this resentment against the causes he espoused and the standards he maintained, came to a head with the trials of Alger Hiss. Since those memorable trials all intellectuals have been fair game. They are guilty until proved innocent, though just what they are guilty of is never quite clear.

Thus the intellectuals, who had been so largely responsible for prodding the American people into adapting their government and their economy to the necessities of a new day, and for making clear the inescapable necessity of assuming international responsibilities and obligations, paid a heavy price for their triumph. They made clear the course that the United States had to follow, and they contributed greatly to the education of public opinion and the provision of administrative leadership. But in the process they earned for themselves a good deal of resentment and dislike.

The intellectuals and academicians are themselves responsible for some of this anti-intellectualism. After all, we have had something like universal public education for a long time, and no other society can boast as many college graduates as our own. If the most educated generation of one of the most educated nations plunges into anti-intellectualism, something must be seriously wrong with either the principle or the practice of education. Since it is almost inconceivable to confess anything wrong with the principle, the responsibility comes back to the practice—that is, to the schools and the colleges, to the intellectuals themselves. They have failed to make clear the role of the intellectual in American life, to instill an appreciation of the necessity for intellectual independence. They have failed to enlist the great mass of their countrymen in the common cultural and intellectual enterprise necessary for the Republic's progress and security.

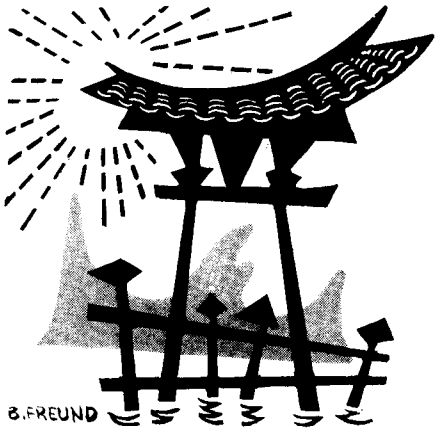
ONLY LAST MONTH, speaking in Los Angeles, the President, as quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune,* defined the intellectual as "a man who takes more words than is necessary to tell more than he knows." The attack on the intellectual proceeds.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

MOVIES: Ghost and Flesh

ROBERT BINGHAM

PROFESSOR TOYNBEE tells us that the vanquished readily adopt the superior technology of their victors and then give that technology a spiritual content of their own, producing a vigorous new synthesis which ultimately leaves the victors vanquished. Some such formula may help to explain the astonishing renaissances that have taken place in Italian and Japanese moviemaking since the Second World War. At any rate, following Professor Toynbee's law to the letter, the best Japanese and Italian films have used



the victors' technology—from Edison to Zanuck, Americans used to think of movies as a national monopoly—to portray what is unbeaten and unbeatable in Japanese and Italian life.

If this process of re-evaluation and purification seems to be lacking in recent German films, most of which have been execrable, perhaps that's because, as usual, it is difficult for the Germans to regard their victors' technology as in any way superior to their own—or for that matter, even to regard themselves as a defeated nation. The Lubitsch-Jannings-Dietrich flowering of the 1920's didn't last in its native soil.

"UGETSU," the latest Japanese film to be shown here, is by no means the masterpiece of the Japanese renaissance. Thus far, that honor must be accorded to "Rashomon." But "Ugetsu" seems to me so much better a picture than you might be led to suppose by some of our more eminent reviewers that I want to urge you to see it if you get a chance.

The story, adapted from the fables of the eighteenth-century master Akinari Ueda, concerns two peasants who are dissatisfied with the drudgery of their lives and ambitious for better things. The potter desires wealth; his brother-in-law craves military glory. Each gets exactly what he wants, but at a terrible price. Driven on by ambition and o'erweening pride, the potter forsakes his family and even his craft for the favors of the rich and beautiful Lady Wakasa: She turns out to be a ghost—as illusory and as ruinous as the visions of his own ambition and pride. To this blending of homely realism and Circean fantasy the aforementioned eminent reviewers reacted with patronizing befuddlement, but I suspect that the idea of falling in love with a ghost is much more familiar to Americans, both as readers of their own literature and as human beings, than either Bosley Crowther or John McCarten wot of.

The photography is beautiful. Hollywood, of course, still enjoys a considerable lead in technology over the foreigners—partly because Hollywood can afford more fancy lighting and sound equipment and more retakes than the foreigners can. But that technological lead is easy enough to pick up, and even to improve upon where the directors have taste and imagination. Kenji Mizo-

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guchi, who directed "Ugetsu," has taste and imagination. And as always, artistic content is the final payoff.

THE BEST of the Italian pictures have been pretty serious and even somber affairs. "Bread, Love, and Dreams" is a delightful comedy, which draws upon an earthy folk humor that has not been typical of drama in the English language since Elizabethan times but of which the Italians still seem to enjoy an abounding wealth. The film romps gaily along through the antics and stratagems of a couple of lovesick carabinieri stationed in a remote village where a poor but virtuous farm girl whose lively nickname is unhappily rendered in the subtitles as "Frisky," played by Gina Lollobrigida, is the apple of all men's eyes.

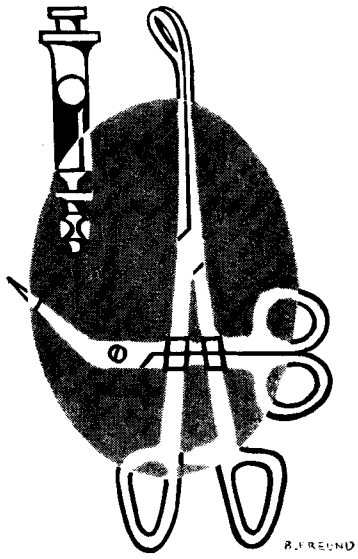
Miss Lollobrigida has recently demonstrated that she is able to produce substantially the same effect on Central Park South, and the picture is hers, all hers. The distributors have leeringly emblazoned the word "sexy" across their advertisements for "Bread, Love, and Dreams." *Caveat emptor.* Miss L.'s performance is not sexy by American standards. Since Jean Harlow, the American epitome of sexiness has been an overdressed, lazy-looking salamander, eyes half closed and mouth half opened, whose only contribution to foreplay is a grudging pout to show that she knows perfectly well what the men around her are thinking about. She is essentially a cold dish of porridge. The character Miss L. has created in "Bread, Love, and Dreams" is both healthier and far more arresting. "Frisky" also knows perfectly well what the men around her are thinking about. It is both what she expects and what she desires. But get one thing straight: She herself is going to have a lot to say about how the matter is finally arranged. She participates. The result is that even her virtue does not dampen the wayward thoughts her appearance provokes. Yum yum.

SOBERING UP as best as I can by going back to Professor Toynbee, I would like to make it clear here at the end that I am not one of those who think all foreign movies are better than all American movies. American movies themselves have matured a good deal since 1945, and Hollywood is doing some fine work. But the high standards set by imports may have had something to do with it. Competition and free trade are good for all of us.

CHANNELS: Under the Knife

MARYA MANNES

THREE MAJOR NETWORKS turned down the idea. People, they said (with that total perception of human desire which those who work in mass media claim to possess), would not want to see such realism in areas of disease and affliction. They would be shocked, repelled. So James Moser took his "Medic" scripts to director Worthington Miner and found a man bold enough and, as it turned out, shrewd enough to produce the series of films for NBC-TV.



Now, every Monday night at nine, it is possible for a viewer to be in the operating room at the Los Angeles General Hospital and watch a baby being born of a mother dying of leukemia, or a boy having his cleft palate adjusted, or a girl having her heart valves opened. This ultimate realism—made possible by the cooperation of the hospital itself and by a new kind of film which needs no extra light and no extra equipment beyond a hand-manipulated camera—may not sound like prime entertainment. But it is actually more absorbing than gruesome, more suspenseful than morbid, more touching than nauseating.

This is largely because Moser is a creative writer who is able to build character and enlist compassion, so that the realism of the operating room is preceded and given meaning by imagination. The body on the table is not a clinical object; it is a human being in whose emotions and fortunes you are now involved. Thus, the girl with the damaged heart is a gay and sensitive music lover who, late for a concert, runs up the opera-house steps as the music of Tristan pours down on her and collapses just as she reaches the top flight; and the last we see of her, after her perilous and successful operation, is conquering that same flight for another concert. Thus, the little boy with the cleft palate, ridiculed by his classmates for his tortured speech, is sustained by happily learning to do parlor magic and by the love of an elder brother.

I think, in fact, that "Medic" would gain in depth if not in suspense by reducing its operating-room footage. Surgical techniques exert an undeniable but not necessarily healthy fascination on the layman. The white-robed company, the swiveling eyes above the masks, the gloved hands, the hissing of oxygen, the unseen but strongly indicated incision, the passage of instruments—these, compounded, form a sort of White Mass, a secret ritual of the lost and the saved that can stir morbidity. They can also—as the first one did to me—induce mild squeamishness. It is because of this that one wonders whether "Medic" serves a

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real purpose beyond the strong focus of interest on Monday night.

The Doctor Image

"Moser," said Miner, "had lived with this idea ever since he roomed with an interne at college. He felt that "Medic" could do several things. One is to demonstrate what doctors can do in specific instances. Another is to set a standard for doctors in behavior and technique. Another is to debunk fixed beliefs among people—beliefs which either lull or alarm without factual basis."

Whether "Medic" will accomplish any of these things is still open to question. Certainly it does not either lull or alarm, since Moser evades sensationalism and sentimentality at every turn, showing a restraint not usually exercised in the subject or the medium. The dry ticking off of facts and events—used so successfully in "Dragnet"—is equally effective and less rigidly maintained in "Medic." Equally astute is the choice of actors, who are startlingly real and credible.

A glance at future "Medic" subjects shows that the operating room will not, fortunately, be a staple feature. There will be one on a woman alcoholic, one on geriatrics, one on accidents following Christmas office parties (!), one on the life of a general practitioner, and one based on the papers of the young doctor who was at the deathbed of Lincoln and who felt, agonizingly, that medicine would soon possess techniques that could have saved the President. "Medic" will not be accused of lack of variety.

YET IT MAY BE accused of increasing the already overwhelming absorption of the American public in matters of illness, and of further building up the godhead of the doctor, who, as the untouchable hero of our society, ranks almost with J. Edgar Hoover. Half knowledge and sales pressures are on the way to making us a nation of hypochondriacs. We are obsessed by our weaknesses to the exclusion of our strengths; fearful of ideas as well as viruses, alarmed at all symptoms, looking constantly not so much for the "father image" as the "doctor image." I doubt that "Medic" will reverse or even mitigate this trend.

Perhaps what we need is a television series showing us that doctors are as human, as fallible, often as unprogressive and profit-minded as the citizens they treat. For a change, somebody should tell us how to stand without leaning.

Until then, "Medic" will probably continue to hold a sizable audience. Its rating is already very high by virtue of being a very good documentary on subjects of human importance—palatable or not as the case may be.

CONVERSATIONS ON MUSIC: Mind over Microphone

GODDARD LIEBERSON

MANY PEOPLE are curious about the way a symphony orchestra makes records. I think I can tell you something about it because for the last fifteen years I have been involved in the process of transferring music from the concert hall to the home through the medium of the phonograph.

Well then, how does an organization such as the great Philadelphia Orchestra make records? First of all, they play. I know that sounds simple-minded, but let me qualify it by saying that although they play, it is in quite a different manner from what is usual with them. The

playing at recording sessions has some of the caution that marks tightrope walking. Look at it this way: You and your friends, when you speak with each other, do so with comfort, without tension, and perhaps with a slight disregard for provable facts—with, let us say, an easy intelligence. But now what would happen to that easy intelligence, that harmless disregard for the exact truth, if you knew that every word you were speaking was at the moment of its utterance being recorded for posterity, for the ears of your friends, and, what's worse, for the ears of your enemies? Except for the very remarkable among you, the chances are that under these circumstances you would become a little tongue-tied, much more choosy in your vocabulary, and certainly a great deal more careful about your facts.

The conductor and the players of the Philadelphia Orchestra are in every sense experts. They have years of experience behind them, they are artists in the full sense of that word's meaning, they are, in short, very high-class professionals. Yet a concert performance is elusive. It vibrates for a few hours in a large hall and is gone—the true notes as well as the false ones, if they existed, the secure and beautiful phrasings, and the little peccadilloes that are inevitable.

But on a record, how different the picture is! What thoughts must pass through the performer's mind if he should make a mistake! There it remains forever—that slightly tremulous note, inadvertently played at the very peak of the cadenza. And who is going to believe that in the twenty-one years of playing this phrase such a thing has never happened before? And so, as I have said, the playing for a recording is sometimes in the nature of tightrope walking. And it is this quality that recording directors must fight with all of their energy. For the playing of music does not consist only in the reproduction of the correct notes. Very often the perfect performance is the dull one. Mathematical correctness can act as a cold shower to inspiration. Therefore a big re-

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sponsibility for a recording director is a constant balancing of note mistakes against brilliant performance. My own preference, and I think it is the preference of most musical people, is for an energetic and moving performance, wrong notes and all. Sometimes a wrong note even adds a human touch to a recording—no one minds an error of grammar in a declaration of love.

I REMEMBER once converting a great artist—a pianist—to this point of view. The result was that we issued a brilliant recording of a Beethoven piano concerto which nevertheless included a minute mistake in one passage—a mistake which, I assure you, would go unnoticed if not called to your attention. In fact, this recording was well received and is still much admired for its warmth, intelligence, and high degree of technical perfection. However, the knowledge of the little mistake continued to bother my friend the artist, and perhaps it could have developed into a major neurosis if chance had not intervened.

It happened that the artist, because of a small operation, found himself in a hospital bed with little opportunity for amusement other than listening to the radio. One day he tuned in on a program of recorded music, to find himself in the middle of the very concerto that contained the little mistake I have spoken of. As the recording went on, he became convinced that this was his own performance. He listened intently. Yes, that was his phrasing, his way of rolling that chord—his dynamic scheme for this music. And soon now, the mistake would be coming along. He listened closely, becoming more and more agitated as the music moved toward the dreaded moment. Five measures more—two measures—one—now! And there it was, that stupid blundering error! Luckily, my friend did not, as might have happened in the movies, cover his ears in despair and switch off the radio with a dramatic gesture. Instead he heard the piece through, only to hear the announcer tell him at the conclusion that this was a performance by another pianist!—another fine artist who had apparently made the very same mistake.

PERHAPS when I began on this subject you expected me to describe the technique of recording in its more practical aspects. I haven't, because those details are comparatively simple outside the electronics involved, and the electronics are not at all simple, except to engineers. But for the most part, recording in its technical aspects is not at all mysterious, particularly for those who wish to take the trouble to study the intricacies of its mechanical and electrical components. When I say that the technique of recording is not mysterious, I mean simply that all the facts are available.

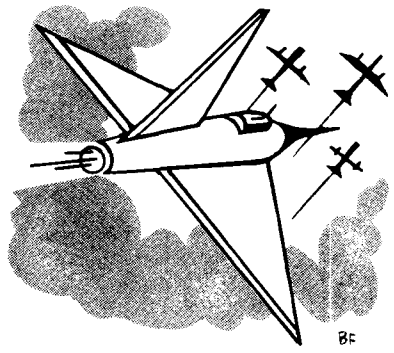
The mystery in recording is the human element, the subtle relationship between the artist and the microphone; the indescribable *x* that transfers a living personality onto a mechanical device. And how comforting it is in this age of wires, tubes, electrons, and atoms to know that the human being still counts for something—is still a necessary element.

The Attack On Oppenheimer Continues

ELIE ABEL

THE HYDROGEN BOMB: THE MEN, THE MENACE, THE MECHANISM, by James Shepley and Clay Blair, Jr. *McKay. $3.*

IT IS NOT EASY for Americans to see the nuclear scientists as life-size. The big build-up that followed Hiroshima made them appear a breed of all-knowing giants with crew haircuts and slide-rule solutions for every problem of national security. In contrast, *The Hydrogen Bomb* contains ample evi-



dence that nuclear physicists are subject to human vanity and human error, prey to jealousy and wishful thinking, even as, let us say, Washington bureaucrats or Air Force generals.

But this little (235-page) book doesn't correct the flaw in perspective. James Shepley (chief of the *Time-Life* Bureau in Washington) and Clay Blair, Jr., (*Time's* Pentagon reporter) set out to topple a particular god from his pedestal and to raise a new one in his place. The protagonists remain larger-than-life figures, casting portentous shadows on a darkened stage.

In this hastily expanded magazine story, the reader knows at once which side the authors have chosen as they trace out the suspicions, intrigues, and personal animosities that came to light with the transcript of the Gray Board hearings "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer."

They divide scientists and government officials into sheep and goats. Those who were for the H-bomb in 1949 are men of clear vision, selflessly dedicated to the salvation of the Republic, outnumbered but never outfought. Those who doubted the military value of the superbomb or feared its unlimited bang, who said (and hoped) that it could not be made to work, are muddleheads, meddlers, and worse.

The H-bomb as touchstone puts Dean Acheson and Harry Truman in the sheepfold with the present AEC chairman, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, while W. Sterling Cole, Republican chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, is penned among the goats with the Eisenhower Administration's High Commissioner to Germany, Dr. James B. Conant, and

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the arch-New Dealer David Lilienthal.

Delay and LeMay

Such a book needs a hero. The Messrs. Shepley and Blair give us Edward Teller, "never a man to look up into the western night and beat his breast in anguished cries of *mea culpa.*" Their chief villain, of course, is Robert Oppenheimer, who said at the end of the Second World War: "In some crude sense, which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose."

Here in pages seasoned with carefully selected passages from the Gray Board hearings, thickened with two extraneous chapters on General Curtis E. LeMay's Strategic Air Command and its Russian counterpart, is the story of "the delay in development of the hydrogen bomb."

We have it on the authority of Senator McCarthy that "traitors in our government" caused an "eighteen-month deliberate delay" in the H-bomb program because of which "our nation may well die . . ." Shepley and Blair are more cautious. They say: "A full assessment of the delay . . . and its effect on the survival of the United States as a nation and upon the future of mankind will be impossible for some years to come." Content with stating as a fact that there was a delay, they decline to "ascribe motives to the individuals responsible." The only scientist they clearly label a traitor is the convicted Klaus Fuchs.

They have chosen to concentrate on this, the most sensational aspect of the Oppenheimer case, although the Atomic Energy Commission set it aside as irrelevant in reviewing the Gray Board findings, to the immense relief of the scientific community. Even Thomas E. Murray, who went a long step beyond the Gray Board and his fellow commissioners in finding Oppenheimer disloyal as well as a security risk, ruled out the scientist's opinions on the ground that "Lack of enthusiasm is not a justiciable matter."

McCarthy's charge and this book appear to have a common origin. In the May, 1953, *Fortune* appeared an unsigned article, "The Hidden Struggle for the H-Bomb," by Charles J. V. Murphy, one of its editors and an Air Force Reserve officer, spreading on the record the dark suspicion with which General LeMay's friends in the strategic-bombing camp viewed Dr. Oppenheimer.

The theme of Murphy's article also runs through the Shepley-Blair book. It is that Oppenheimer plotted to disarm or enfeeble SAC by trying to block and then to delay the hydrogen bomb, by preaching the heresy that the United States needed an effective air defense as well as offensive power, and by advocating the battlefield use of nuclear weapons—which would have forced LeMay to share his stockpile with the ground and tactical air forces.

Long after the nuclear scientists had completed the refinements in weaponry that made possible the present abundance of fissionable materials, LeMay continued to insist that SAC ought to have all there was. The authors tell of the reception the SAC commander accorded a young

the historical backgrounds of current crises . . . .

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colonel who brought him in 1951 a staff study describing the "atomic plenty" and how it would soon make available bombs for tactical use: "He ought to be locked in a box and dropped in the bottom of the sea."

All of this has a musty flavor today. The Army got its atomic cannon two years ago, the Tactical Air Command is armed with "baby A-bombs," and the hydrogen bomb is a reality. The need for a vastly more effective air defense system has been acknowledged by the National Security Council, and General LeMay himself has shown a somewhat belated interest in the problem of defending his bomber bases against attack, lest the nation's capacity for massive retaliation be wiped out before it can get off the ground.

Teller's 'Lack of Enthusiasm'

The main struggle, however, was over the H-bomb itself. Here Edward Teller, a brilliant Hungarian-born physicist under the wing of Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence at the University of California, is the central figure. Teller was surrounded and backed by a number of scientists at the Radiation Laboratory in Berkeley who for one reason or another made no major contribution to the A-bomb effort. Teller himself, a mercurial fellow given to volcanic enthusiasms, was so excited by the dream of a themonuclear bomb that he had no part in the development of the old-fashioned fission bomb.

He was at Los Alamos during the war, "But because Oppenheimer did not like him personally—a fact that was perhaps traceable to their differing political views—Teller was denied a specific job in connection with the development of the atomic bomb," Shepley and Blair explain.

Others, looking back on the A-bomb project, have a different recollection. Hans Bethe, for example, testified under oath before the Gray Board: ". . . I hoped to rely heavily on [Teller] to help our work in theoretical physics. It turned out that he did not want to co-operate. He did not want to work on the agreed line of research . . . He always suggested new things, new deviations. He did not want to do the work he and his group was supposed to do . . . So that in the end there was no choice but to relieve him of any work in the general line of the development of Los Alamos, and to permit him to pursue his own ideas entirely unrelated to World War II work . . ."

Quite properly, no one has suggested that there was anything malign about Teller's lack of enthusiasm for the A-bomb. Nor has anyone speculated that by accepting the discipline of the laboratory and turning his great talents to the problem in hand, he might have helped to shorten by a week or a month a war in which thousands were dying every day.

BUT THE MOTIVES of Oppenheimer and the scientists who shared his distaste for the H-bomb (including virtually all the important contributors to the A-bomb project) are fair game. ". . . by withholding their knowledge and genius from thermonuclear-weapons development in the years between World War II and Korea," we are told, these scientists who had "known sin" brought on the Korean War.

Their sin, say Shepley and Blair, can be measured "not in vague abstractions, but in the allied casualties in Korea, in the tortures of brainwashing, in the sufferings of an entire nation ripped open in war. For it is now reasonably clear that as soon as the Soviets knew they had the atomic bomb . . . they felt free to begin direct preparation for armed aggression in Korea."

This piece of nonsense is based on an "exercise of imagination" to the effect that if the United States had developed by the summer of 1950 a thermonuclear weapon a thousand times more powerful than the Russians' first nuclear explosion, Moscow would not have plunged into the Korean adventure.

The authors make no attempt to check their reckless imaginings against our experience of the entire cold-war period: that even when the United States had an absolute monopoly in nuclear weapons, the Communists were never deterred from warfare by proxy, as in Indo-China.

Oppenheimer anticipated this basic criticism of the "New Look" policy back in the fall of 1949, when he wrote to Dr. Conant:

"What concerns me is really not the technical problem [of building a hydrogen bomb]. I am not sure the miserable thing will work, nor that it can be gotten to a target except by ox cart. It seems likely to me even further to worsen the unbalance of our present war plans. What does worry me is that this thing appears to have caught the imagination, both of the congressional and military people, as the answer to the problem posed by the Russian advance. It would be folly to oppose the exploration of this weapon. We have always known it had to be done . . . But that we become committed to it as the way to save the country and the peace appears to me full of dangers."

OF COURSE Oppenheimer was wrong about the feasibility of the H-bomb. And, as he later acknowledged, he erred in assuming that the Russians would not press forward to build it whatever the United States decided. But he made sense in warning five years ago that more and bigger bombs would not overcome the political, economic, and military menace of Communism—better sense than his professional detractors.

What makes this a bad book, how-

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ever plausibly it has been pieced together (so plausibly indeed that the reader who has not plodded through the 992-page Gray Board transcript may be misled into accepting it as authentic), is its obvious bias.

Shepley and Blair adopt uncritically the accusations of David Tressel Griggs, former chief scientist of the Air Force, of William Liscum Borden, former executive director of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, of Teller's Berkeley colleagues Luis Alvarez and Wendell Latimer—all antagonistic to Oppenheimer—even when witnesses of comparable or superior authority give contradictory testimony under oath.

FOR EXAMPLE, the ZORC cabal. We are told that in August, 1952, "an [unnamed] Air Force officer, dressed in civilian clothes, unofficially attended a rump meeting of the [Lincoln] Summer Study Group [on continental defense]. There, on a blackboard, he spied the initials 'Z.O.R.C.' and the full names of the men written out in small print following each initial. Like a well-trained military officer he jotted them down and later filed a report on ZORC and its conclusions to Air Force headquarters." Griggs also testified that he had seen Zacharias write the four letters on a blackboard and explain what they meant.

ZORC, as readers of the Murphy article in *Fortune* learned in 1953, is supposed to stand for the names of four scientists (Jerrold Zacharias, Oppenheimer, I. I. Rabi, and Charles Lauritsen) who advocated what Shepley and Blair call a "near-perfect air defense" for the United States; not, it seems, because a more effective air defense was worth having, but because "A nation that could be a successful fortress would not need an offensive atomic weapon or a Strategic Air Command."

Nine paragraphs are devoted to the ZORC affair, and one sentence in a footnote to Dr. Zacharias's sworn denial that he had ever heard of the presumably sinister ZORC group, let alone written the letters on a blackboard, before he read the Murphy article. (Lauritsen and Rabi evidently were not questioned on this point.)

That striking disproportion is a measure of the authors' objectivity.

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Book Notes

Tally-ho, Alors!

THE FLYING SAILOR, by Rear-Admiral André Jubelin. *The British Book Centre. $3.50.*

DID A French admiral ever serve with the Royal Air Force? You probably could win bets on that one, and in fact on the rest of André Jubelin's amazing career in the Second World War. When France fell in June, 1940, he was gunnery officer aboard the Far Eastern flagship *Lamotte-Picquet.* Detained by the Vichyites in Indo-China, he used his early training in the fleet air arm to escape in an antique training plane to British-held Malaya. In Britain, Admiral Muselier of the Free French naval forces put him in command of the old battleship *Courbet,* immobilized as a depot ship at Portsmouth. Jubelin had the craft rearmed as a sort of flak ship and lifted the morale of his bored, surly French crew by making the vessel an important part of the beleaguered port's air defense.

In the late spring of 1941 Jubelin left the *Courbet* to take a course with the British Fleet Air Arm in Walrus and Sunderland flying boats. After convincing Muselier that the flying of fighter planes was better service for the few qualified Free French naval pilots, he transferred to the R.A.F. and Spitfires. There, in spite of his age (thirty-four) and rank (commander), he found his métier. This part of his book, particularly the portion dealing with his night intruder work in Hurricanes over the German airfields in France, is far the best. His flying ended in August, 1942, when he was posted back to the navy. "I should like to take my machine up very high and very far away, till it stopped, in empty space," Jubelin mourned. He had lost his love.

The rest is anticlimax. The account of his first voyage in command of the sloop *Savorgnan de Brazza* is the end of the book; a great many subsequent sea adventures are simply omitted. The mystery is why, apart from considerations of rank, Jubelin ever went back to the navy. For, as he puts it: "My warrior's heart is stuck fast somewhere about Tangmere or Ibsley, the Hartings or Kingston Hill. . . . in my part of the world [Provence] we are not forbidden to mention what we love."

•

Brigadier in Berlin

CLOSE CONTACT, by Brigadier C. H. Dewhurst. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

AN INTERESTING, often amusing narrative by a British Army officer who was chief of the British Mission to Soviet Forces in East Germany in 1951-1953. The Russians, it appears, are the kind of clots who wonder why anyone would drive a white Jaguar XK-120 when he could have a big black American limousine to hell around the Soviet Zone in. More seriously, Brigadier Dewhurst's notes on how to negotiate with the Russians should be read by western diplomats who are not beyond the speaking stage: Know your subject thoroughly because your opposite number does; don't hurry; be precise; don't "demand" anything; don't criticize the Soviet system; don't expect quick action. The brigadier suspects that Stalin was murdered and believes his successors will tread more softly in their dealings with the West because the Soviets and their satellites are much weaker than most people suppose. His arguments, both military and civil, in support of this view seem reasonable.

Returning to England on completing his assignment, the author seems to have exclaimed to himself: "Gad, what strange blokes these high-level Russians are! Seem to have some kind of mm—ahh—what's-itsname—*complex.*" So, like any sensible British brigadier in the circumstances, he sat down and read a book on psychiatry. The Dewhurst diagnosis, for what it's worth, is that ordinary Russians have a dreadful national inferiority complex and that their leaders are full-blown paranoiacs.

•

The Return of Natty Bumppo

THE LEATHERSTOCKING SAGA, by James Fenimore Cooper. *Pantheon. $7.50* (until November 1; thereafter $8.50).

THIS BEING neither the time nor the place for a critical evaluation of the works of James Fenimore Cooper, let it be simply recorded that Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia has selected those parts of Cooper's five lengthy chronicles that deal directly with woodsy adventures of Natty Bumppo, alias Pathfinder, alias Deerslayer, alias Hawkeye, and somehow gotten it all into three pounds of printed matter. The illustrations by the late Reginald Marsh are pleasant, but those of us who took our Cooper neat some years back must be forgiven for wondering what was wrong with the familiar drawings by F. O. C. Darley. Pantheon has lavished loving care on both the typography and the binding, and the book would make a handsome and therapeutic gift for any of the obstreperous space cadets on your Christmas list.

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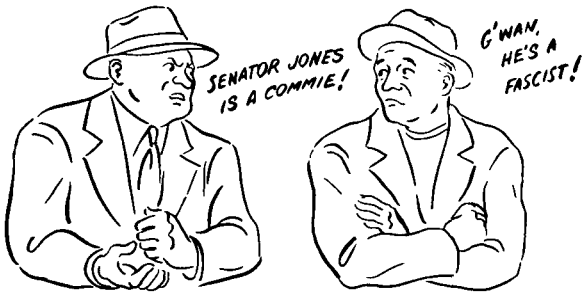

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